

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow:
Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 95 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 14, 1906

NUMBER 97

MIDLAND WILL BEGIN SURVEY HERE AT ONCE

C. M. Rawlings, chairman Canadian Midland Syndicate with headquarters at Kansas City, arrived in Ada Friday afternoon and spent twenty-four hours mingling with our citizens and looking over the coming railroad center.

This syndicate it is that has in hand the building of the vast Canadian railway system which will make Ada famous. After a drive over the city this morning Mr. Rawlings expressed himself as delighted. He thinks Ada a magnificent selection as the junction point of the syndicate's lines. This was his first visit, and, notwithstanding he had received flattering reports, he indicated he was surprised at the progress of the town but a few years old.

In response to inquiry of the News reporter relative to the status and prospects of the Canadian Midland, Mr. Rawlings said:

"Next week J. T. Payne, our chief engineer, will arrive in Ada to begin the preliminary survey of the line from here to Lawton. That completed, he will take up the locating survey, determining the right-of-way. Then comes the construction."

Mr. Payne is well known and well thought of in Ada. He it was who surveyed the original townsite of Ada.

"The preliminary survey of the Midland," continued Mr. Rawlings, "has been completed from Wagoner to Wewoka and another line from Wewoka 30 miles to Dustin. The latter will

connect with the Ft. Smith & Western, giving us access to Arkansas coal fields much to be coveted, and it may run on into Muskogee over the M. O. & G. track."

As originally surveyed the Canadian Southern was to run from Hampton southward to Caney, which would have passed far to the east of Ada. Mr. Rawlings is highly pleased with the change which brings both the Midland and Southern over the same track from Hampton, via Frisco crossing below Sasakwa, to Ada.

He came here directly from Kansas City and left this afternoon for Oklahoma City where he will meet Mr. E. A. Hill, agent of the syndicate. Thence he goes to Lawton.

Exhumed Boy's Body.

Tulsa, I. T., July 14.—As he is not thoroughly convinced that the body of the little boy found murdered in a box car in Francis last Sunday night was that of his missing boy, Harry, J. E. Preister has gone to Francis and will have the body exhumed. Detective Henry Thompson of the Frisco special service is at work on the case, but so far as learned no clue to the murderers has been discovered.

Walsh handles the White Swan canned goods. Phone 17. 95-tf

Try the new barber shop at the Harris. If you are not pleased your money is refunded. 94-tf

ANNUAL SESSION OF INDIANHOMA UNION AUG. 21

Shawnee, Ok., July 14.—The Indianhoma State Union will meet in its second annual session the third Tuesday in August, in the City Hall at Shawnee, Ok., at 10 a. m., the same being the 21st day of August. It will be composed of the officers and committeemen and one delegate at large from each county union in Oklahoma and each recording district in Indian Territory. Also one delegate for each 1,000 members or majority fraction thereof from each county or district.

All members in good standing are cordially invited to attend and will be seated as advisory members, per constitution.

We urge upon all district and county unions the importance of this meeting and to send sober, patriotic union men, fully instructed and capable of representing their constituents, honor and

future greatness of our beloved union.

At this meeting the annual election of officers and committeemen will take place, also the annual report of all State officers and committeemen are to be made and submitted to this meeting for the consideration and action of the delegates. Many proposed amendments to the constitution and by-laws will be submitted and referred to the membership for adoption or rejection. Our plans of co-operation will be thoroughly discussed in an effort to harmonize, unify and perfect in a way that will insure permanent success. Let no union man fail to urge upon the minds of the fraternity the importance of this meeting.

S. O. Daws.

President Indianhoma State Union, Shawnee, Ok.

TAX LEVY OF BOARD CONTEMPLATES STATEHOOD

Guthrie, Okla., July 14.—In order to secure sufficient funds for the maintenance of the territory and the new state, during 1907, the Oklahoma board of equalization has fixed the total tax levy for the ensuing year at 6 1-2 mills, which will raise a total of \$628,048.89, will represent in part, at least the first taxes raised for the new state, taking into consideration the generally admitted fact statehood will become effective some time during 1907. The first half of this tax must be paid, under the Oklahoma law, by January 15, 1907, and the second half by June 15, of the same year. The Oklahoma board of equalization is composed of the governor, secretary of the territory and auditor.

The apportionment of taxes as made by the board, is as follows: General territorial tax 2.5 mills, an income of \$241,557; for necessary appliances at the Agricultural and Mechanical college .03 mills or \$28,986.92; for improvements at Colored Agricultural and Normal school, .015 mills, or \$14,493.46; for state university, .06 mills, or \$57,973.84; for preparatory university, .068 mills, or \$36,716.76; for Central Normal school, .088 mills, or \$36,716.76; for Northwestern Normal school .038 mills,

of \$36,716.76; for Southwestern Normal school .038, or \$36,716.76; for liquidation of indebtedness of Northwestern Normal .025, or \$24,155.77; for Agricultural and Mechanical college .021 mills, or \$20,290.94; for Colored Agricultural and Normal school .021 mills, or \$20,290.94; for deaf and dumb school .022 mills, or \$21,257.07; for territorial board of education .003 mills, or \$2,897.69; total levy 6.5 mills.

Burglaries at Sterrett.

Sterrett, I. T., July 13.—Several business houses were burglarized here last night, the burglars effecting entrance by breaking out windows in the rear.

A dozen trays of jewelry were taken from Minor's jewelry store. A hat and pair of shoes from Raines and Rains' Mercantile Company. The post-office was also broken into, but the thieves failed to get anything.

From the crude character of the work it is the supposition that the burglars were amateurs. Blood hounds from Durant are now on the trail.

Cupid flour, best on earth at Walsh's No. 17. 95-tf

Doe, Sloan, of Center, was in town today.

PLANS ARE MAPPED OUT FOR BRYAN RECEPTION

New York, July 14.—Plans for the reception to be tendered William Jennings Bryan in this city upon his return the last week in August from a tour around the world, were mapped out yesterday by the plan and scope committee appointed by the Commercial Traveler's Anti-Trust league. Lewis Nixon presided.

On his arrival at the battery the morning of August 30, Mr. Bryan will be met by the reception committee and will be escorted up Broadway to Central park, across to Fifth avenue and then to the Victoria hotel, where he will rest until the evening reception at Madison Square Garden. Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland will preside in the evening. Governor Folk of Missouri is chairman of the reception com-

mittee on which democratic United States senators and congressmen, democratic governors, mayors and chairmen of state and national committees will be invited to serve as honorary members.

Former Governor W. L. Douglas of Massachusetts was selected to head a committee to secure the co-operation of the business interests of the country in the reception.

Alexander Trup, of Connecticut, has announced that he would bring a state delegation from his state and many other state delegations are expected.

We guarantee our Cupid flour. No. 17. Walsh. 95-tf

A new shipment of delicious Uvalde honey at Jones & Meaders. 95-3t

IS POSITIVE PROHIBITION LAW WILL STAND THE TEST

Rev. E. M. Sweet, superintendent of the Indian Territory Prohibition Statehood Organization, who resigned his pulpit at Muskogee to go to Washington and fight for the issues represented by his organization, is out in an interview in which he tells some hitherto unknown facts regarding the passage of the bill with the prohibition plank intact.

"The state of Oklahoma will, in my opinion, have the best prohibition law that has ever been drafted," said Mr. Sweet in response to a question as to how the prohibition people felt about the provisions of the enabling act. "Of course," he continued, "you will not understand that I am claiming credit for all this but we had the best legal counsel that Washington afforded. Hon. Chas. J. Bonaparte, secretary of the navy, and Hon. Chas. E. Littlefield, congressman from Maine, and an able lawyer, were our principal sources of advice on the constitutional points involved. Some of our friends, the enemy too, who were in Washington last winter and went up against Mr. E. C. Dinwiddie, legislative superintendent of the American Anti-Saloon League, discovered that he, too, is no small bit of a lawyer, and he is familiar with the legislation of all the states on this subject, as well as the Supreme Court decisions. You may be sure that these provisions will stand all right."

"But do not some of the lawyers say that such a provision will not be binding upon the state after it becomes a state?" was asked.

"Yes, but they have evidently not studied this proposition carefully. Congress simply says to the state in effect, 'You may become a state if you see fit to adopt a constitution containing these provisions, thus assuming the obligation of the federal government to the Five Civilized Tribes.' Now when the constitution is submitted to the people, if they adopt it, as they will, this provision will be as valid as any other part of the constitution, because it will rest upon the votes of the people and not upon an act of congress."

"I think, with many others," Mr. Sweet continued, "that the constitutional convention will make the provisions of the enabling act applicable to the whole state. Certain it is that if one end of the state should have prohibition and the other end should have the saloon, we should get the cream of immigration and they would get the riff raff. Our end of the state in 21 years would become far more wealthy and prosperous. This is a business proposition which the people of Oklahoma territory will not, I believe, overlook. About \$7,000,000 a year is now being wasted in Oklahoma for liquor which the legitimate industries of the territory might just as well have."



"Fred" R. Seibert has been associated with evangelist F. E. Oliver for some time, and will assist while in Ada. He is an earnest christian, and his sincerity is apparent in his very look and act. His motto is "pitch in", his favorite verse, Dan. 12:3 "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that

turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever;" and his business is soul winning, leading noonday prayer meetings and teaching personal work.

He was not in town 30 minutes until he was working for Christ. The people will appreciate his stay in Ada for he is a worker.

Success to "Fred" in winning many souls to Christ.



WE ARE NOW

Turning out the finest ice cream in this section of country. It is a home product, even the ice that freezes it. When these conditions are facts why not use home manufactured cream?

CRYSTAL ICE CREAM COMPANY



IT KEEPS US BUSY

serving soda water. It just seems that old as well as young keep on buying it. It's because soda water we draw never disappoints you. Each glass we sell confirms a customer who tells others That increases our trade and is why we're busy.

We also sell Sanguera Mineral Wells Water, Eureka Springs Water and Ginger Ale in bottles.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist.
(Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed.

How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

PAUL W. ALLEN,
Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.
Horses Boarded by Day or Week.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.
Allen Livery Barn
South Town-end Ave., Phone 64.

OTIS B. WEAVER
Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some very bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building. 12th and Broadway.

Patronize Home Industry
By Buying Ice From
Ada Ice and Fuel Co.
Keep Your Money at Home.
We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.
Phone 249. Office at Ice Plant.

OVERDRAFTS
It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.
Ada National Bank.
Capital and Surplus, \$63,500. Ada, Ind. Ter

THE RAILROAD

The Life of the Railroad Man—The Preparation Necessary for Success in This Important and Permanent Calling—The Opportunities It Offers the Boy or Young Man Who Determines to Succeed—Many Pertinent Facts and Opinions.

By NATH'L C. FOWLER, JR.

Author of "The Boy—How to Help Him Succeed," "Building Business," "Dollars and Sense," "Fowler's Encyclopedia of Publicity and Printing," "Gumption," Etc.

(Copyright, 1904, by Nath'l C. Fowler, Jr.)

The railroad business is divided into two widely separated branches, the operating and business departments. The operating department is responsible for the running of the trains and for all that pertains to the mechanical action of the road. The business department does the financing, fixes the rates, is in charge of the clerical forces, and attends to the business part of railroading; and, further, exercises a general supervision over the operating department.

A railroad is a corporation, operated under the direction of a board of directors, which is elected annually by the stockholders. This board of directors is in control of every department, and delegates its power to its active and appointed officials.

For the sake of convenience and expediency, the board of directors elects, as its representatives, what are known as railroad officials: a president, one or more vice presidents, a treasurer with his assistants, a general superintendent with any number of assistant superintendents, a chief engineer, a master mechanic with his assistants, a general freight agent and assistants, a general passenger agent with one or more assistants, in some cases a general manager and a traffic manager, and the department heads with their assistants. All of these officials may or may not be directly elected by the board of directors, as it is usual for the chiefs to appoint some of their assistants.

Duties of Officials

The president is not always the working head of the railroad. He may not be a practical railroad man, and may hold his office on account of his business capacity, which enables him to finance any commercial enterprise. But most railroad presidents are practical men, understanding railroading in general, and often its management even to the smallest detail.

The vice president, if active, usually has some distinct duties, and is in charge of certain important matters. The treasurer is the custodian of the railroad's money. The secretary may or may not occupy a position of responsibility. It is his official duty to keep the records of the meetings and to perform such other functions as may be designated by the board of directors.

The general superintendent is the executive officer of the operating side of the road, and is responsible for everything outside of the clerical and financial departments, except that he does not, as a rule, interfere with the duties of the general freight, passenger and ticket agents. He is almost invariably a mechanical expert, and always a disciplinarian, who understands the handling of large bodies of men.

The chief engineer occupies a position equal to that of the general superintendent, and in some cases he outranks him in salary and in importance. He has charge of the civil engineering and of other matters. A railroad must be surveyed and constructed, with its bridges, tunnels and track work, before the trains can be run; and the chief engineer is responsible for this work, and for the constant rebuilding and enlargement of the road.

Responsibility Divided

Large railroads are divided into divisions, each of which are under the direction of a district or division superintendent, who, in turn, is responsible to the general superintendent.

The general freight agent has charge of the freight department, a position of much responsibility. The offices of general passenger and ticket agent are usually combined under one man, as the duties of each are frequently too similar to warrant separation. This official has charge of the railroad's passenger business, including the ticket offices.

The master mechanic is at the head of the mechanical work of the road, and is responsible for the condition of the locomotives and cars. Comparatively few roads have traffic managers. These officials are in control of the traffic, and outrank the freight, ticket and passenger agents.

With the exception of a few railroad presidents, who are chosen solely for their financial ability, substantially all railroad men began at the bottom or close to the bottom, and worked up. This is as it should be, in other lines of business as well as in railroading; but railroading, perhaps more than any other calling, requires a specific knowledge and experience obtained on the premises. It is a special business, and the ordinary business man, successful along general lines, cannot immediately adapt himself to railroad conditions.

Railroad locomotive engineers are paid as high as \$2,000 a year, and from that the salaries grade down to \$700 and \$800 for drivers of freight and switch engines. Passenger conductors receive from \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year, and brakemen from \$700 to \$800. Freight conductors are paid about \$650 a year. Conductors, as a

rule, begin as brakemen, this experience being extremely valuable to them. The engineer usually develops from the firemen, and most firemen start in as wipers or as round-house helpers.

Superintendents have almost invariably occupied some subordinate position, often the lowest. There are many of commanding position, and of enormous capacity, who began as firemen, as workers in the round-house, or as mechanics in the repair shop.

The railroad man is a man of action, and a man of quick action, a man able to do in a minute, in safety, what men in other lines of work may require hours for execution. It has been said that the railroad man never sleeps, that if he does sleep, he has the sleeping mind of a dog, the kind which a whisper will awake. The lazy boy, even though he may be a mechanical genius, would better keep away from railroading.

The Clerical Side

To sum up, let me say that the clerical side of the railroad business offers good opportunity, but probably not so much as does the clerical side of the mercantile business. The operating department usually presents good opportunities to the boys of mechanical capacity, who are able to master their ability, and to practically utilize it, and who, moreover, are natural workers and willing to work hard, to begin at the bottom, with a full realization that promotion depends upon ability and upon the safe yet quick action of ability. The slow boy has no business in the railroad business; nor has the quick boy, if his rapidity is not under the control of dependable discretion.

The principal railroad officials are well paid, their salaries ranging from a few thousand dollars to as much as a hundred thousand dollars a year. This higher figure, however, has never been paid to more than a few railroad presidents. Comparatively few presidents of railroads receive less than \$5,000 a year, and \$10,000 is by no means an unusual figure; in fact, there are quite a number drawing salaries in excess of \$25,000 a year.

The average salary enjoyed by the railroad official, whose position is not relatively lower than that of the general manager and ticket agent, is not far from \$5,000 a year, and it is doubtful if any competent head of a responsible department ever receives less than \$1,500. Railroad clerks and other employees receive salaries similar to those paid by the regular mercantile houses. They have, up to a certain point, the same opportunity for advancement as is enjoyed by those occupying similar positions in general business. But it must be borne in mind that the clerical railroad employee has little chance of becoming a factor in the controlling ownership. He has little opportunity to rise beyond a head clerkship or to the head of an under-department.

The heads and sub-heads of the operating department are men of unusual ability. They are specialists, possessors of mechanical skillfulness, and in charge of many workers are natural controllers of men. They know how to work themselves and how to direct the labors of others. They are, also, equipped with minds capable of instantaneous action.

The operating department is divided and subdivided into many heads, all under the direction of the general superintendent. There are division superintendents, mechanical engineers, and a large number of foremen and assistants, each man below the general superintendent being responsible for one thing or series of similar things in which line or lines he must be an expert.

Every operating railroad man is a specialist, and differs from the rank and file of ordinary business men. His success depends upon his ability and training along certain lines. Without this special ability and hard training he never will make a success of the railroad business.

Requisite Education

The boy who intends to enter the clerical side of railroading needs the same preparation as he does to take up any regular business, although some mechanical knowledge, even in the clerical department, will not come amiss. But the boy who intends to go into one of the operating departments, and this is the side which offers the greatest opportunity, needs to be equipped with a liberal and broad technical education. From the common or high school he should pass into some institute of technology, and graduate. The classical college is hardly to be advised, because the first-class institute of technology, or other high technical school, gives all the general education essential to successful railroading.

There are few callings which need more training and discipline than this. Promotion in the operating department is impossible without experience, and a strong, rugged, broad, general technical education exhilarates experience and widens its capacity.

A well-educated boy stands a many times better chance of advancement than does the boy who enters the operating department from the common school, without any definite knowledge of mechanics. The successful railroad official is an educated man. If his early or scholastic education has been insufficient, he must acquire the training later in life, and his progress is therefore naturally retarded. It takes less time, and costs less, to receive education when one is in the receptive educational state than to properly acquire it after one has started his career.

I would not advise any boy to enter the operating side of railroading who is not naturally of a mechanical turn of mind and who is unable to obtain a thorough mechanical education. If he has no mechanical ability, he will not rise much above the lower level. True, there are many railroad engineers, and others, who are successful, and who have enjoyed little school education. It is also true that one may learn to run an engine, or to do other mechanical work, without a technical school training; but this school training is far more effective, and far more economical, than is the training of experience, although it does not take the place of actual experience.

But the boy, with only a school training, has little in the way of asset. He is simply in a position to advance more rapidly than would be possible without this school experience. A general, broad mechanical education is valuable even though only a part of it may be actually utilized in real life, for the very broadness of this training allows its possessor to be more successful in a specialty than he would be if he had given his scholastic life exclusively to the practice of that specialty.

The boy who is considering the railroad business is advised to place himself in direct personal communication with railroad men. I would advise him to talk with men representing various departments of railroading. All of us are more or less biased, and occasionally we unintentionally give false advice. For this reason, a consultation with several railroad men, each representing a different department, will enable the boy to obtain in advance a better idea of what the railroad really offers—its real advantages and disadvantages. Railroad men, as a rule, are cordial, and are willing to give advice and information.

Roswell Miller's Views

Mr. Roswell Miller, chairman of the board of directors, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, in a letter to the author, says:

"The principal advantages of the railway business consist in the fact that there are not enough men in it who are capable of filling the best positions. There is always room for those who have ability enough to fill a high position. And aside from merely clerical positions, there is something more than ordinarily interesting in the work which makes it absorbing, and success is therefore more likely.

"The principal disadvantages are the absorption of the individual. If he is successful, he cannot do much else day or night—week days or Sundays. So that in most cases the man who devotes himself to the railway business, and serves his company honestly, cannot at the same time acquire a large fortune, which he could do with the same amount of labor in other directions. Besides this, railroading, like many other pursuits, has many 'machine' places, which are filled by men who come to be merely machines."

All Depends on Boy

Mr. W. J. Wilgus, vice president of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, in a letter to the author, says:

"To the young man of sound principles and good constitution, imbued with the intention to succeed, the railroad offers a career that contains all of the rewards for which men can strive. There is probably no field so attractive as that of the railroad for the display of the strenuous qualities that, in less peaceful times, won success in the profession of arms. Financial returns and the honors of position are at the command of the young man of ability who is not afraid of hard work, and whose constant aim is the securing of the pleasure that comes from the accomplishment of work well done.

"The disadvantages in the field of railroading are long hours, and the frequent subordination of social pleasures to the demands of duty."

Mr. J. W. Burdick, passenger traffic manager of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad company, in a letter to the author, says:

"My advice in the premises would depend upon my estimate of the boy's ability and promise. If he is made of the right stuff, it is immaterial whether he enters the clerical or the operating department of a railroad. In either case, if his activities are sufficiently exercised in learning his business he will either follow along the line of promotion or be extinguished, according to the estimate placed upon those activities by the management. I believe that the elements and probabilities of success are inherent in the boy himself, and that the ultimate outcome is not materially influenced by the kind of work he takes up in the beginning, if he is fitted by birth and education properly to perform the duties which come to his hand."

Skeet Wood--Retired.

BY GEORGE BINGHAM.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The freight train rattled and swayed as it ripped along at its best speed down the steel rails stretching out through the lowlands and the knobs.

A wandering printer lay stretched out on some old newspapers spread over the floor of a box car, and he had just awakened from the sound sleep of a man who had nothing on earth to bother him.

Seeing the bright flashes of sun through the cracks around the side door Skeet arose, "stretched" himself and climbed through the small end window to the top of the car.

A brakeman with a broad, red, Irish face came slowly down the train.

"Well, general," he spoke above the rattle and clang as he approached the tramp, "how'd you rest last night? Any bugs in that coach?"

"No, I never heard any stirring around through the night. I've seen 'em turn around and go back, when they saw me. Why, have you had any complaints from other passengers?"

"Yes," the brake replied, "Shorty—you know old Red Shorty, with the crooked eye—yes he rolled out of there the other night and trotted back and said if I didn't give him another place he'd get off, and make me give him his two bits back. He'd adone it too!"

"What'd you do with him?" "Oh, I moved him over into a mule car, and never heard any more of him."

"Say, brakeman, where are we anyhow?"

"That last whistle back yonder was Peachtree Switch."

"In Kentucky, hey?"

"Yes, hit Kentucky back yonder before daylight."

"Where's the next water tank?"

"Red Oak Ridge."

"I'll blow off there. Red said there was a print shop there, and I'll drop off and clean up."

When the train slacked up for Red Oak Skeet Wood dropped off and found himself standing in the village's only street.

The municipality of Red Oak Ridge consisted of a few, rambling, unpainted houses squatted about among the growth of scrubby red oak trees and bushes.

A boy came along the road driving a cow.

"Say, ain't your name Charlie?" Skeet Wood asked.

"Naw sir. My name ain't Charlie. It's Grover, that's what it is."

"Well, that's what I thought. You even look like your name was Grover. Say, Grover, where's the printing office? The place where they print the weekly newspaper?"

"Ain't any."

"Why?"

"Cause they moved it off. That's why."

"Moved the whole print shop away?"

"Yes, sir. That wasn't such a big job."

"Well, Grover, where did they move the office to?"

"Where did they move it to? They moved it to Pursley."

"Where is Pursley, Grover?"

"Haw, don't you know where Pursley is? Pursley is 14 miles from here. That way."

"Where is the courthouse that was here once upon a time?"

"It's moved to Pursley, too."

"Has it? How long ago?"

"Wy, it moved to Pursley the next day after the newspaper moved to Pursley."

"How long has that been?"

"Whut?"

"How many years has it been?"

"Oh, it has been about 11 years ago. It was moved three years after I was born."

"Is that so, Grover?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say, Grover, is there a post office here?"

"Yes, sir, there is a post office here."

"Why didn't they move it to Pursley too?"

"Because they already had one there and they didn't want two there."

"How about the blacksmith shop here? Have you got a pretty good one?"

"Naw, sir. We did have one, but they moved it to Pursley."

"They did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Looks like a road used to run right across this field here. Where is it now?"

"Yes, sir, there was a road running right across there, but when they moved the other things over to Pursley, they turned the road around and had it so it would run into Pursley too."

"You had started somewhere with that cow, hadn't you, Grover?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going to take her down to the creek bottom to get her a drink of water. Pap's goin' to take her to Pursley to-morrow."

"He is?"

"Yes, sir. Where are you goin'?"

"I think I'll go to Pursley, too. So good-by, Grover."

A few miles over the road stood a deserted cabin. Tall weeds grew around it. The "stack" chimney at one end leaned away from the wall, seemingly ready to fall at the slightest jar.

Climbing to the top rail of the fence Skeet Wood sat and rested.

He was a man of not much over 30 years of age, with fair intelligence and much general information gathered in his continuous ramble.

"How can anybody, anybody—live away off here in the middle of nothing—away off here where there's not a d-d thing to see but the trees and hills, and nothing to hear but the

crickets and jay blow, unless it is the voice of nature. But I guess the people who use to live here have got just as much or more of that vapory thing we call enjoyment out of living as anyone in a city, where there's always something going—"

"Well!" the rough voice of a woman called suddenly through the front door, which had been slowly opened.

Skeet Wood suddenly grasped the rail upon which he sat, and raised to a jumping posture.

"Don't be skeered now, you buzzard-looking tramp."

"I'm not skeered, but I hate to meet people so suddenly," Skeet replied.

"What do you h't yo'self on a person's front fence fer, if you don't want to meet them sudden?"

"Well, you see, I didn't think anybody lived here."

"Well, you see you air mistaken. We jest moved in here day before yestidy, but we live here jest the same as if we'd moved here year before last. Been to dinner?"

"No. Nor breakfast neither, since you brought up the subject."

"All right," the husky looking woman said, "go back there and drive that shot out of the sorghum patch and I'll get you something to eat. Go and help him, Pris. You know how ornuly them shotes of that red sow air. Go on. He ain't goin' to bite you."

Skeet beat down an army of weeds and joined Pris at the back door. Pris was the first to speak.

"Say, jump these tater rows. Maw will holler if you step on one of them."

"All right, Miss Pris."

"How'n the devil did you know my name was Pris?"

"I heard your maw say it was."

"I ain't heard nobody say what your name be," said Miss Pris.

"My name might be Skeet."

"Skeet? Named after a skeeter, wasn't you? Look kinder like a skeeter anyhow. Well, now, yonder's the shote. You go around that way and I'll go around this here way, and we'll both come up behind him."

Skeet had not yelled "sewery there" more than half a dozen times before he had fallen in love with Miss Pris. She was about 18 years of age, built on the style of a robust fence-jumping steer, and was as reckless in her everyday manner as a young lady could be without being dangerous.

The shote was at last driven to the rail fence, where it disappeared through a crack into the tall weeds.

At noon the woman's husband came from somewhere on a mule whose hair was long and his ears worked back and forth when he walked. Skeet was invited into the kitchen, where stood a table with four seats around it.

"Take that there vacant seat over on that side. Whut's name."

"We did have just exactly a table full in this famby, but Bud had to go and get sent to the penitentiary, so you air lucky in getting a seat."

Pris looked at Skeet. "You don't know who Bud is, do you?"

"No, I don't remember of ever meeting Bud."

"Well, Bud he's my husband, or was before he got sent to the pen."

Five weeks faded into the past like a cigarette paper in the rain. Skeet was an occupant of the cabin. They had treated him well and he was as much at home there as he could have been anywhere. A bed had been prepared for him in the loft. It was even better than Skeet had been used to, and what if it was not? A man shouldn't notice a hard bed when he is in love.

In this family Skeet was guest and boarder. In consideration of his bed, board and booze, with washing thrown in, he was under obligation to scarce a shote out of the sorghum patch four or five times a day and to hide the mule in the tall weeds every time any person was observed coming along the road, the mule having been stolen by the old man a few weeks before.

The old man was large, with a face of fierce bushy whiskers, and eyes like those of a rat—keen, beady, black.

Shortly after Skeet had driven the hog out of the sorghum patch one day the old man led him down a ladder into the cellar and explained to him the working of a small whisky-making outfit.

"Skeet, this here business operates on a small scale and is quiet. Recollect that."

"I ain't going to tell nothing. No, no, I won't even think about it when I get in yelling distance of a stranger. Because I'm going to be a member of this family after next week."

"You and the gal has kalkulated to get hitched up, have you? Well, she made Buddy a mighty good woman."

Skeet and the girl drove over to Pursley and got married.

Another cabin was built just across the potato patch, and became the home of this couple. Skeet was annexed as a partner in the quiet business going on in the cellar, and an easy, lazy living was made—the sort of existence Skeet liked.

Seven years have melted away like the glittering frost of early morning. The old man has been sent to the pen for stealing another mule, the old lady has remarried and moved to Pursley. Skeet has full charge of the still in the cellar and by industry and sobriety has grown to be one of the most prominent moonshiners in that part of Kentucky.

With the Window Open.

"I've got to practice on the piano five hours a day," said the disconsolate small girl.

"What for?"

"Cause mother and father don't like our new neighbors." — Washington Star.

TELLING TOM

It was all very beautiful to the pretty girl in pale blue linen and the young man in the natty summer suit. After a week's weary work in their downtown offices that Saturday evening out at the big, glittering amusement park was a restful treat with its surging crowds, its garlands of sparkling lights, the music, the whirl of passing throngs and the mingling of light laughter and gay words.

"Can't you make up your mind and answer me to-night, Lou?" he urged. "Haven't I waited long enough? Is it yes or no?"

There was coquetry in the side glance she gave him. "Don't be so serious," she laughed. "We came out here to enjoy ourselves!"

There was pain in the look he gave her. "It is serious to me," he said, huskily, "if not to you!"

A little stab of self-reproach sobered the girl in pale blue, but as she opened her lips the young man left her side. She saw him in a group of eager purchasers of tickets for the airship toward which they had been headed and sighed a little as she watched his broad shoulders. She almost resolved to stop teasing him and give him an answer. What should it be? She was not willing to admit to herself that she was quite sure.

She came to herself with a start as he called her name from over the heads of the lesser men.

"Go on, Lou!" she said. "We take the next one down."

There was a push and a shifting of humanity and she felt his hand steadying her elbow. Her cheeks were flushed pink, for she was trying to make up her mind.

When the girl in pale blue found a seat in the last row of chairs she was a little breathless. After all the rush she and the young man in the natty suit were alone in that row for the third seat was unoccupied. The car began to rise gently and she leaned toward him, moving across to the empty chair between them.

"It scares me!" she said a little apologetically and slipped her hand into his.

In the dim light she felt the young man regarded her intently. "Does it?" he asked.

"Aren't the lights beautiful?" she asked softly as they continued to rise above the babel below into the starlit night. "Somehow, I like it better—up her with you—than in such a crowd as that!"

"Do you?" murmured the young man.

The pretty girl bit her lip. It was going to be hard to win him back to good humor and a belief in her seriousness after all.

"Don't be cross!" she begged, poutingly.

His hand had not closed over hers, although it was timidly in reach of his close shut fingers. He was staring straight ahead at the panorama of reflected lights and only glanced at her now and then.

"Tom!" she said suddenly, the darkness hiding the rose in her cheeks, "I—I've been thinking about what you said and you are right. I ought to say one thing or the other. I should either take you—or send you away!"

"I shouldn't like to be cast off at the present instant!" commented the young man glancing down the long stretch to firm earth.

Tears sprang to the girl's eyes. "I don't think it's nice of you to joke!" she said, a little fiercely. "You were cross enough when I wasn't as serious as a judge! You—why, you don't even act as though you were interested."

"Well," asserted the young man, "I never was more interested in my life."

"You—you act so queerly," said the girl, a trifle mollified. "But it is so hard—a few minutes ago I was sure I—I cared for you and now—well, I don't know. It will take something decisive to make me feel sure—"

The airship had reached the top and gave a preliminary, hair-raising jerk and fell a few inches before it began its waving motion around the top of the tower. It was truly an alarming instant.

With a little shriek the girl in pale blue clutched the young man and bruised her face against his shoulder. "O—o—oh!" she moaned in terror.

The young man patted her hand in a soothing way and murmured incoherently. When the car began to descend she did not move. Nobody could see them and somehow it was surprisingly restful.

"You are so good," she murmured once. "I've been a goose, I—I'm sorry for tormenting you so long. You might have known my answer, Tom—it's yes!"

The car fluttered suddenly to earth and there was a rush out of it. With downcast eyes the girl in pale blue followed the rest, the young man back of her. Just outside the car she ran straight into another worried and anxious young man who dragged her to one side.

"Tom! Why—why, Tom," she almost shrieked in horrified crescendo and then whirled around, but the young man behind her had vanished. He was lost in the throng. She felt giddy.

"Why, Lou, Tom said, 'you look ill. The gatekeeper called me back about our tickets and I was too late to get in! Were you afraid? You need some one to take care of you!'"

"I think I do, Tom," stammered the girl in pale blue, hysterically. "I—I think if you want the task you'd better take it from now on!" —Chicago Daily News

Ada Evening News

OTIS B. WEAVER, PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MGR.

Entered as second-class mail matter March 26, 1894, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application

LOCAL NEWS

J. A. Baker, of Roff, is in town, U. G. Winn went to Midland today.

Cupid flour at No. 17. Guaranteed the best. 95-tf

Prof. Buchanan went to Sasakwa today.

S. W. Lanham and wife returned from Ardmore today.

Pete and R. H. Erwin left today for the former's home at Celestine.

If you want the White Swan canned goods, phone us. M. L. Walsh. 95-tf

M. L. Walsh will furnish you with the White Swan brand. Phone 17. 95-tf

Satisfaction guaranteed or your whiskers back. Harris Hotel Barber shop. 94-tf

Mrs. Rorie, of Madill, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. W. Bonds, on North Broadway.

J. S. Heston, of Dallas, came in today and will begin his duties as night operator at the Frisco tonight.

Ada Social Functions.

A few evenings ago a remnant of the fondly recollected Hoodie Ta club were sitting in a refreshment parlor down Main.

They were sipping their ices and indulging in reminiscences of the halcyon days of the social prominence of the charming Hoodie Tas.

But said one, as she wearily dug down into the inner-most depths of her satchel money purse and finally extracted four spuds: "I'll tell you girls, its no use; once t'was different, but the world's turned around; the only chance is to get married; but the question is, how can we when now only the married ladies enjoy social opportunities."

The young ladies and gentlemen may well look to their pennant. "The late functions of the XXth Century and Forty-two club, composed of married ladies," remarked one of the guests, "have never been excelled in this little city in correct appointments and social enjoyment."

Thursday morning Mrs. Will Neathery received the XXth Century club from the hours of ten to twelve. Two score guests were present. The ladies were highly entertained in an interesting word contest. A delicious salad course was served.

Assistant hostesses to Mrs. Neathery were Mrs. Bryan, of Sherman, Texas, and Mrs. Tom Hope.

There was a benefit feature, each member being assessed 20c for the library.

Friday afternoon Mrs. John P. McKinley entertained the XXth Century club from the hours of 3:30 to 6. About forty guests were present. Mesdames H. M. Furman and J. E. Bills assisted in receiving and in serving punch to the guests.

Unique refreshments were provided—watermelon, with nasturtiums. The opinion was unanimous that Mrs. McKinley entertained in style unsurpassed.

Mrs. Will Neathery also entertained the 42 club in regular meeting Friday evening.

Besides members there were these out of town guests: Prof. and Mrs. Buchanan, of Norman, Ok.; Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of Austin, Texas; Mrs. S. J. Donald, of Ladonia, Texas; and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hope, of the city.

Judge and Mrs. C. A. Galbraith will, on Saturday evening, give a lawn party to a number of friends. A delightful feature of the entertainment will be stereopticon views of Hawaii Island life. For several years the Judge resided in Hawaii as a member of the supreme court.

Do You Need Shoes?

If you want a pair of Shoes that combine style, elegance and individuality with the best leather and excellent workmanship, why not try ours? You will be satisfied with your selection. The latest correct styles for men, women and children.

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man.

GOLDEN GATE



1 lb. pkge
Tea . . . 25c

1 lb. pkge.
Tea . . . 35c

Extracts .
15c, 25c

Jones & Meaders

Million in Frisco Insurance.

San Francisco, July 14.—It was announced today that the Phoenix Insurance company of Brooklyn had up to date paid out one million dollars in the settlement of claims for losses sustained in the San Francisco fire.

The above Company is represented by the Otis B. Weaver Insurance agency. This great American company is a leader in prompt and satisfactory adjustments. Its perfect responsibility remains unimpaired.

Just so with the Royal Insurance Company, easily the leading fire company of the world with assets of nearly \$70,000,000.00, and with the New York Underwriters, the great Hartford company, with assets of \$20,000,000.

These companies together with the Niagara, the great Cataract co., and others equally as responsible comprise the Fire Insurance agency of O. B. Weaver.

Committed to Jail.

Sunday the U. S. marshal will accompany the following to the Ardmore jail:

Tom and Robt. Bishop, larceny, bond \$750. Tom Porter, vagrancy, 60 days in prison. Elmer Ezzell, rape, assault and carnal knowledge with girl under 16, bonds assessed at \$2,000, fined \$2,500; also a peace bond assessed at \$300.

Citizens' Club Call.

In accordance with instructions given by The Citizens Club, recently organized in 16th Recording district, I hereby call a meeting of citizens of Ada and immediate vicinity to be held at the courthouse, 8 p. m. Wednesday, July 18th, for the purpose of organizing a Local Club the same to be component part of said District Club.

J. D. Looper.

The Good Samaritan.

The above is the title of the Sabbath school lesson tomorrow and is found in Luke 10:25-37.

Owing to the big meeting beginning at 10:45, the Sabbath schools of the city will begin at 9:30. Everybody invited.

For Faithful Service.

The local Eastern Star lodge at their regular meeting this week awarded Mrs. M. L. Powers a beautiful Star pin as a reward for the faithful performances of her duties as Worthy Matron for the past four years.

W. T. Martin Will Move.

W. T. Martin with the Water Pierce Oil Co., has been transferred from the Indian Territory to Oklahoma with an increase of salary.

He with family will move to Shawnee about Aug. 1st. Mr. Martin and family are old timers here and are among our very best families.

He, Mr. Martin says he regrets to leave Ada for it is the best town in the state.

Medals For Oklahomans.

Guthrie, O. T., July 14.—The Territorial secretary has received Louisiana Purchase exposition medals for the following Oklahomans: Jim Parker, of Shawnee, on apples; Thomas Micaelson, of Oklahoma City, on barley; S. H. Walton and Lew Thomas, of Oklahoma City, no exhibit mentioned; also bronze medals for the Territory of Oklahoma on the following: Mineral resources, fruit exhibit, agricultural exhibit and relief maps.

Someone borrowed my post-auger and I've forgotten who it was. He will please return it. J. E. Bills. 96-2t

BIXBY NOT TALKING.

Declines to Reveal His Methods in Districting Work.

Muskogee, I. T., July 14.—Tams Bixby who has returned from a joint meeting of the districting commissions of the two Territories thinks that the work of forming constitutional delegate districts is progressing as fast as it could be done. In fact more progress has been made than was expected. Judges Clayton and Townsend are each at work in their respective sections of the territory and Mr. Bixby is working on the Creek and Seminole Nations.

Mr. Bixby is only one of the three Indian Territory members who has not revealed the plan on which he is working to get an approximate estimate of the population of the Creek and Seminole country. He has many sources of information at hand in the way of official records, but some system outside is being employed and Bixby thinks it is going to be effective and thorough. He stated that he did not care to discuss the matter for publication.

When asked whether there was any apparent disposition on the part of either Democrats or Republicans to form irregular boundaries for districts with a view to getting political advantage, Mr. Bixby stated that so far as he knew there had not, but that there was plenty of jockeying by towns to get in position to land a county seat. The next meeting of the board will be held in Muskogee on the 24th of July.

The announcement that the districting would be completed August 15 in time for the election to be held November 6th, was made in order that both parties might be getting ready for the fight for constitutional delegates.

MILLION ACRES TO LEASE.

No Arrangements Yet for Leasing New School Land.

Guthrie, Okla., July 14.—Fred L. Wenner, secretary of the school land leasing board gave out the following statement:

"No arrangements have yet been made for the leasing of the one million fifty thousand acres of land selected by the school land board for the colleges under the statehood bill; in fact, the board has not yet had time to consider the matter of leasing these lands.

"It will be a month or more before the selections made are approved by the department at Washington. After the approval the question of leasing these lands will be considered by the board. The lands will be appraised and classified first and then if it is decided to lease them before statehood they will be advertised and leased to the highest bidder. It may possibly be that they will not be leased until after the state government takes charge.

"Whatever is done due notice will be given in the newspapers of the territory and every person will have an equal chance in the bidding."

TO THE UNIVERSITY.

Ada will be Well Represented at Norman.

Prof. Buchanan who has been here in the interest of the University reports the out-look for University students from Ada are very flattering. And this is natural. Why shouldn't a people patronize their home institution. Oklahoma University belongs to us. It will be maintained by the taxpayers of the new State hence the people of Ada will have to contribute to it. It is poor business judgment to build up a school with your own money and patronize another.

Those who may attend from Ada are Gilbert Reed, H. C. Doss, Earnest and Annie Reed, Cleve Harris, Walter Donaghey, Misses Grace and Maud Holley, Miss Lahn, and Ora Busby. Carlton Weaver who was a student there last term will return. The school opens Sept. 11.

RUSHING THE WORK.

Bixby says Districting will Be Finished by August 15.

Muskogee, I. T., July 14.—Hon. Tams Bixby, chairman of the districting board to apportion the districts for the purpose of electing delegates to the constitutional convention from the eastern half of the new State, has returned from Guthrie where the Indian Territory and Oklahoma Board held a joint meeting, in order to more effectively accomplish the task which they have set out to do. Mr. Bixby says that there will be no further meetings in joint session of the two boards, for the reason that a complete understanding was arrived at in Guthrie, although it being an informal one.

Judges Clayton and Gili will continue to travel about their districts and give public hearings, as to the laying out of the districts. The next meeting of the Indian Territory Board will be held in this city on July 24. It is stated positively that the work of districting will have been completed Aug. 15. That being the case the election will be held at the regular election on Nov. 6.

Christian Church.

C. F. Trimble, evangelist of Guthrie Oklahoma, will begin a series of revival meetings at the Christian church Aug. 15th. Everybody attend. 92-6t

Some Bargains

Shoes

Ladies' \$3.50 Shoes for - - - \$2.10

Ladies' \$3.00 Shoes for - - - \$1.80

All \$2.00 Shoes for \$1.20

Misses \$1.50 Shoes for - - - 90c

Slippers, \$1.00 value for - - - 60c

All Children's Shoes worth \$1.00, for - - - 60c

Collars

Entire line of Men's Collars, 15c and 20c values for 10c

Boys' Collars, from 5c to 8 1-3c,

An opportunity to lay in a supply.

Steed's

Frisco.

Summer tourist rates to points in the Southwest. Rate, one and one-fifth fare for round trip. Tickets on sale June 1st to September 30th. Final limit October 31st, 1906. This rate applies to many points in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. Call and get particulars.

I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.

Geo. A. Truitt, Engineer and Land Surveyor

Office Rear Ada National Bank.

Prompt and Careful Attention Given to All Work Entrusted.

Eyes Tested Here

By a Specialist, and Glasses Made to Suit. Absolute Satisfaction is Guaranteed You.

Sprague Bros., Ada, I. T.

A Full Line of May Manton Bazar PATTERNS

10c each. Catalogues 10c. Fashion Sheet Free.

These patterns are the best that can be purchased anywhere at any price.

Reed & Harrison



New Dairy

I have started my wagon and am now prepared to supply the people with choice milk and cream. Your patronage solicited.

R. L. McGUYRE, Phone No. 193.

LOANS

On Dead Claims, Intermarried Surplus and where Restrictions Are Removed. Improved City Property or to build.

Correct Neat Abstracts of Title at Reasonable Prices

ADA TITLE and TRUST CO.

W. H. EBEL, Pres. and Manager, — ADA, IND. TER.

HENRY M. FURMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.
Office in Duncan Building.

C. A. Galbraith Tom D. McKeown
GALBRAITH & McKEOWN
LAWYERS

Over Citizens National Bank
Ada, Ind. Ter.

Reed & Harrison Wholesale and Retail Buggies

The Best Makes, the Lowest Prices

I have opened the Twelfth Street Meet Market

and ask a share of your patronage. Nothing but the best of meats will be carried and your patronage will be given the most careful attention.

C. L. HICKEY.



Eyes Tested and Glasses Fitted
C. J. Warren, Optician

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up to be best. Do

Largest Agency Work

of any plant in this Territory.

MISS NELLIE KENNEDY, TRAINED NURSE.

Konawa - - - Ind. Ter.

Phone No. 33.



THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO.

U. S. A.

Sold by Druggists.

or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 5 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

The NICKEL STORE

Where You Save Money on Everything.

A full car load of Crockery landed in the Nickel Store a few days since. In this lot there are a lot of things you will be interested in; may be not because of what they are, but because you can buy them so cheap.

Milk Pans or Crock 6c

1 gal. 12c

Milk Pans or 12c

Tall Jars, up to and including 6 gallon sizes, cost you 6c per gallon. You will find the tall jars particularly nice for putting up your pickles, etc.

Come here for your Fruit Jars. Fruit Jars, Ball Mason patent, with tops and rubbers, 1 gallon size, 55c dozen.

Extra Tops with Rubbers, 25c dozen

Jelly Glasses with tin covers, 25c dozen.

A few mentionings in

TINWARE

Lipped preserve kettles, wire bail or handle, 10c, 14c, 18c, 20c.

Pot covers, ringed, hemmed, full size, only 5c.

Stamped dish pans, 10c and 15c.

Combination nutmeg and vegetable grater, loop handle, only 9c.

Extra heavy dairy pails, 10 qt., 20c; 12 qt., 25c.

Japanese bread or cake boxes, cover fastens with a hasp. You will save enough bread or cake in a month to pay for one.

Galvanized pails make the best all around bucket, 10 qt., 15c; 12 qt., 20c.

WOODEN WARE

Rolling pins, 10c.

Potato mashers, 5c.

Butter ladles, 5c.

Vegetable slicers, 10c.

Clothes pins, 3 doz 5c.

Tooth picks, 3 pkgs. 10c.

Cups and saucers, 50c values, a set 39c.

Dinner plates, 50c values, a set 35c.

8 inch platters, 15c values, each 10c.

7 inch oval meat dishes, 15c values, each 10c.

Fine American China cups and saucers, decorated, \$1.25 values, per set 75c.

Dinner sets of the same goods, a set 75c.

White granite milk pitchers, 29c, 35c, 44c.

UMBRELLAS

A very nice assortment for ladies or gentlemen. Not the extra fancy kinds at fancy prices, but serviceable and dependable, 39c, 50c, 60c, \$1.00, \$1.20.

Special fan sale. Japanese folding fans, 10c.

Arm & Hammer brand soda, 4 lb. pkgs. for 25c.

K. C. baking powder, two 15 oz. cans for 25c.

2 oz. boxes Rag Blueing two boxes 5c.

Giant or Eagle Lye, 4 cans, 25c.

Silk Laundry soap, 8 cakes, 25c.

Wire fly traps, all metal, 15c.

Tanglefoot sticky fly paper, 2 double sheets 5c.

Jelly glasses with tin covers, 24c per doz.

The Nickel Store.

The 5c and 10c store of Ada, I. T.

S. M. Shaw, Prop

New location on Main street third door west of Rollows corner.

Phone 77.

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow:

Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 95 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 14, 1906

NUMBER 97

MIDLAND WILL BEGIN SURVEY HERE AT ONCE

C. M. Rawlings, chairman Canadian Midland Syndicate with headquarters at Kansas City, arrived in Ada Friday afternoon and spent twenty-four hours mingling with our citizens and looking over the coming railroad center.

This syndicate it is that has in hand the building of the vast Canadian railway system which will make Ada famous. After a drive over the city this morning Mr. Rawlings expressed himself as delighted. He thinks Ada a magnificent selection as the junction point of the syndicate's lines. This was his first visit, and notwithstanding he had received flattering reports, he indicated he was surprised at the progress of the town but a few years old.

In response to inquiry of the News reporter relative to the status and prospects of the Canadian Midland, Mr. Rawlings said:

"Next week J. T. Payne, our chief engineer, will arrive in Ada to begin the preliminary survey of the line from here to Lawton. That completed, he will take up the locating survey, determining the right-of-way. Then comes the construction."

Mr. Payne is well known and well thought of in Ada. He it was who surveyed the original townsite of Ada.

"The preliminary survey of the Midland," continued Mr. Rawlings, "has been completed from Wagoner to Wewoka and another line from Wewoka 30 miles to Dustin. The latter will

connect with the Ft. Smith & Western, giving us access to Arkansas coal fields much to be coveted, and it may run on into Muskogee over the M. O. & G. track."

As originally surveyed the Canadian Southern was to run from Hampton southward to Caney, which would have passed far to the east of Ada. Mr. Rawlings is highly pleased with the change which brings both the Midland and Southern over the same track from Hampton, via Frisco crossing below Sasakwa, to Ada.

He came here directly from Kansas City and left this afternoon for Oklahoma City where he will meet Mr. E. A. Hill, agent of the syndicate. Thence he goes to Lawton.

Exhumed Boy's Body.

Tulsa, I. T., July 14.—As he is not thoroughly convinced that the body of the little boy found murdered in a box car in Francis last Sunday night was that of his missing boy, Harry, J. E. Preister has gone to Francis and will have the body exhumed. Detective Henry Thompson of the Frisco special service is at work on the case, but so far as learned no clew to the murderers has been discovered.

Walsh handles the White Swan canned goods. Phone 17. 95-11

Try the new barber shop at the Harris. If you are not pleased your money is refunded. 94-11

ANNUAL SESSION OF INDIANHOMA UNION AUG. 21

Shawnee, Ok., July 14.—The Indianhoma State Union will meet in its second annual session the third Tuesday in August, in the City Hall at Shawnee, Ok., at 10 a. m., the same being the 21st day of August. It will be composed of the officers and committeemen and one delegate at large from each county union in Oklahoma and each recording district in Indian Territory. Also one delegate for each 1,000 members or majority fraction thereof from each county or district.

All members in good standing are cordially invited to attend and will be seated as advisory members, per constitution.

We urge upon all district and county unions the importance of this meeting and to send sober, patriotic union men, fully instructed and capable of representing their constituents, honor and

future greatness of our beloved union.

At this meeting the annual election of officers and committeemen will take place, also the annual report of all State officers and committeemen are to be made and submitted to this meeting for the consideration and action of the delegates. Many proposed amendments to the constitution and by-laws will be submitted and referred to the membership for adoption or rejection. Our plans of co-operation will be thoroughly discussed in an effort to harmonize, unify and perfect in a way that will insure permanent success. Let no union man fail to urge upon the minds of the fraternity the importance of this meeting.

S. O. Daws.

President Indianhoma State Union, Shawnee, Ok.

TAX LEVY OF BOARD CONTEMPLATES STATEHOOD

Guthrie, Okla., July 14.—In order to secure sufficient funds for the maintenance of the territory and the new state, during 1907, the Oklahoma board of equalization has fixed the total tax levy for the ensuing year at 6 1/2 mills, which will raise a total of \$628,048.89, will represent in part, at least the first taxes raised for the new state, taking into consideration the generally admitted fact statehood will become effective some time during 1907. The first half of this tax must be paid, under the Oklahoma law, by January 15, 1907, and the second half by June 15, of the same year. The Oklahoma board of equalization is composed of the governor, secretary of the territory and auditor.

The apportionment of taxes as made by the board, is as follows: General territorial tax 2.5 mills; an income of \$241,571; for necessary appliances at the Agricultural and Mechanical college .03 mills or \$28,986.92; for improvements at Colored Agricultural and Normal school .015 mills, or \$14,893.40; for state university, .07 mills, or \$75,978.84; for preparatory university, .028 mills, or \$30,716.76; for Central Normal school, .078 mills, or \$89,716.76; for Northwestern Normal school .078 mills,

or \$36,716.76; for Southwestern Normal school .038, or \$36,716.76; for liquidation of indebtedness of Northwestern Normal .025, or \$24,155.77; for Agricultural and Mechanical college .021 mills, or \$20,290.94; for Colored Agricultural and Normal school .021 mills, or \$20,290.94; for deaf and dumb school .022 mills, or \$21,257.07; for territorial board of education .003 mills, or \$2,897.69; total levy 6.5 mills.

Burglaries at Sterrett.

Sterrett, I. T., July 13.—Several business houses were burglarized here last night, the burglars effecting entrance by breaking out windows in the rear.

A dozen trays of jewelry were taken from Minor's jewelry store. A hat and pair of shoes from Raines and Raines' Mercantile Company. The post-office was also broken into, but the thieves failed to get anything.

From the crude character of the work it is the supposition that the burglars were amateurs. Blood hounds from Durant are now on the trail.

Cupid flour, best on earth at Walsh's No. 17. 95-11

Doc, Sham, of Center, was in town today.

PLANS ARE MAPPED OUT FOR BRYAN RECEPTION

New York, July 14.—Plans for the reception to be tendered William Jennings Bryan in this city upon his return the last week in August from a tour around the world, were mapped out yesterday by the plan and scope committee appointed by the Commercial Traveler's Anti-Trust League. Lewis Nixon presided.

On his arrival at the battery the morning of August 30, Mr. Bryan will be met by the reception committee and will be escorted up Broadway to Central park, across to Fifth avenue and then to the Victoria hotel, where he will rest until the evening reception at Madison Square Garden. Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland will preside in the evening. Governor Fall of Missouri is chairman of the reception committee on which democratic United States senators and congressmen, democratic governors, mayors and chairmen of state and national committees will be invited to serve as honorary members.

Former Governor W. L. Douglas of Massachusetts was selected to head a committee to secure the co-operation of the business interests of the country in the reception.

Alexander Trapp, of Connecticut, has announced that he would bring a state delegation from his state and many other state delegations are expected.

We guarantee our Cupid flour. No. 17. Walsh. 95-11

A new shipment of delicious Uvalde honey at Jones & Meaders. 95-21

IS POSITIVE PROHIBITION LAW WILL STAND THE TEST

Rev. E. M. Sweet, superintendent of the Indian Territory Prohibition Statehood Organization, who resigned his pulpit at Muskogee to go to Washington and fight for the issues represented by his organization, is out in an interview in which he tells some hitherto unknown facts regarding the passage of the bill with the prohibition plank intact.

"The state of Oklahoma will, in my opinion, have the best prohibition law that has ever been drafted," said Mr. Sweet in response to a question as to how the prohibition people felt about the provisions of the enabling act. "Of course," he continued, "you will not understand that I am claiming credit for all this but we had the best legal counsel that Washington afforded. Hon. Chas. J. Bonaparte, secretary of the navy, and Hon. Chas. E. Littlefield, congressman from Maine, and an able lawyer, were our principal sources of advice on the constitutional points involved. Some of our friends, the enemy too, who were in Washington last winter and went up against Mr. E. C. Dinwiddie, legislative superintendent of the American Anti-Saloon League, discovered that he, too, is no small bit of a lawyer, and he is familiar with the legislation of all the states on this subject, as well as the Supreme Court decisions. You may be sure that these provisions will stand all right."

"But do not some of the lawyers say that such a provision will not be binding upon the state after it becomes a state?" was asked.

"Yes, but they have evidently not studied this proposition carefully. Congress simply says to the state in effect, 'You may become a state if you see fit to adopt a constitution containing these provisions, thus assuming the obligation of the federal government to the Five Civilized Tribes.' Now when the constitution is submitted to the people, if they adopt it, as they will, this provision will be as valid as any other part of the constitution, because it will rest upon the votes of the people and not upon an act of congress."

"I think, with many others," Mr. Sweet continued, "that the constitutional convention will make the provisions of the enabling act applicable to the whole state. Certain it is that if one end of the state should have prohibition and the other end should have the saloon, we should get the cream of immigration and they would get the riff raff. Our end of the state in 21 years would become far more wealthy and prosperous. This is a business proposition which the people of Oklahoma territory will not, I believe, overlook. About \$7,000,000 a year is now being wasted in Oklahoma for liquor which the legitimate industries of the territory might just as well have."



"Fred" R. Seibert has been associated with evangelist F. E. Oliver for some time, and will assist while in Ada. He is an earnest christian, and his sincerity is apparent in his very look and act. His motto is "pitch in," his favorite verse, Dan. 12:3 "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that

turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever," and his business is soul winning. Leading noonday prayer meetings and teaching personal work.

He was not in town 30 minutes until he was working for Christ. The people will appreciate his stay in Ada for he is a worker.

Success to "Fred" in winning many souls to Christ.



WE ARE NOW

Turning out the finest ice cream in this section of country. It is a home product, even the ice that freezes it. When these conditions are facts why not use home manufactured cream?

CRYSTAL ICE CREAM COMPANY



IT KEEPS US BUSY

serving soda water. It just seems that old as well as young keep on buying it. It's because soda water we draw never disappoints you. Each glass we sell confirms a customer who tells others that increases our trade and is why we're busy.

We also sell Sanguera Mineral Wells Water, Eureka Springs Water and Ginger Ale in bottles.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist. (Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed.

How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

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OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has secured bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building. 12th and Broadway.

Patronize Home Industry

By Buying Ice From

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249.

Office at Ice Plant.

OVERDRAFTS

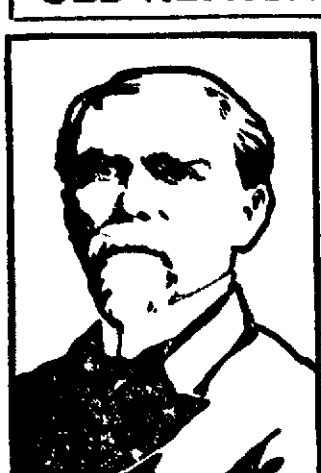
It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the controller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank.

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500.

Ada, Ind. Ter

"OLD ALFALFA," WHO DIDN'T WANT TO GO



Foster Dwight Coburn is another name for "Old Alfalfa." Foster Dwight Coburn rather astonished people when he declined the opportunity to take the seat in the senate relinquished by Joseph Burton. He gave as reason that he liked the work in which he was engaged very considerably better than mixing up with politics and politicians.

This work is that of state secretary of the board of agriculture, and incidentally proclaiming to the world at large the greatness, present and coming, of the state of Kansas. "Old Alfalfa" believes heart and soul in Kansas, believes heart and soul in agriculture. Farmer and stockraiser himself, he has written voluminously on agricultural subjects and has done a great deal to promote agriculture—about 20 volumes have been published by the state of Kansas. Among the subjects dealt with by Mr. Coburn, are "Alfalfa," "Swine Husbandry," "The Beef Steer and His Sister," "Cow Culture," "The Plow, Cow and Steer," "The Modern Sheep," "The Horse Useful," "Corn and the Sorghums," "Pork Production," "Modern Dairying," "Railroads and Agriculture," "Agriculture and Home Making."

For about six years he was editor of the Kansas City Live-Stock Indicator; has served several times as regent of the State Agricultural college, been president and vice president of the board of regents. At important fairs and expositions Mr. Coburn has been expert judge of livestock, was chief of the department of livestock at the Louisiana exposition.

Many men struggle for a seat in the United States senate. Mr. Coburn is the rare instance of a man who had the senatorship thrust upon him. But other political honors had come his way and been rejected, and it seemed no difficult thing to let the latter go by. "Old Alfalfa" might have been governor, congressman, secretary of the national department of agriculture; but he preferred residence in Kansas and direct labors with the Kansas farmer.

PRESIDENT GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS



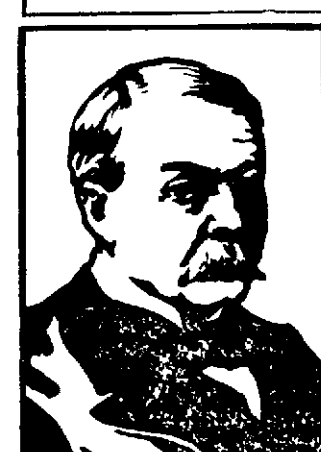
Some persons considered Mrs. Decker a little too "advanced," a little too zealous in advocacy of woman's suffrage and various "woman" questions, fitly to represent the large body of women included under the head of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; but when the time came for choice of the president for the federation Mrs. Decker was unanimously elected.

Mrs. Decker was reelected, we should have said, which means previous administration must have been a success. She is described as a typical western woman, generous, broad-minded, of much common sense.

But, like many western folk, she was born back east. Holyoke, Mass., was her birthplace. She spent several years of her life on Long Island. Since 1887 she has lived in Denver. Mrs. Decker is a leading club woman of the country, has been president of the Colorado federation and has served both as vice president and president of the general federation. She is noted for her direct speech, her forceful way of presenting a subject, quite as much as for being an ardent suffragist.

Probably Mrs. Decker's reelection means, not that suffrage has become more popular among women, but that the president's personality has proved so charming her popularity continues irrespective of positive views and utterances. For the newly elected president is reputed a woman also of much magnetism and charm, qualities that spell popularity.

ALEXANDER J. CASSATT



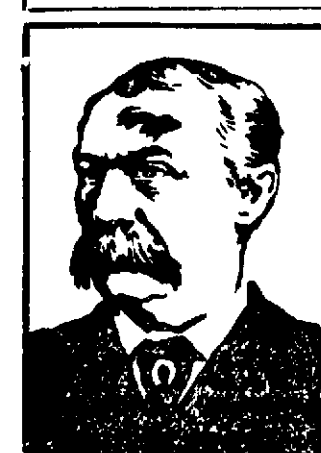
The Pennsylvania railroad system is a big system, Alexander J. Cassatt the biggest man that has been at the head of this system.

After a lifetime devoted to railroad enterprises, on approaching the three-score-year-and-ten period, Mr. Cassatt suddenly finds himself brought up short by the suddenly-come-to-fashion "investigation," finds the air full of tales of big graft and petty graft in connection with officials and affairs of the road which stands at the head of the railway system of America. Not ours the place to enter into discussion of the graft charges, but to present a glimpse of the big railroad man.

A. J. Cassatt has absolute control over a railway system with 17,000 miles of tracks. President Cassatt is reported as being in closer touch with the details of this great system than any other railroad president with the particular system over which he is head. Frederick Boyd Stevenson, in a vivid presentation of the man and his accomplishments, says the minutia of every department of the vast system is an open book to the president of the Pennsylvania, and that 100,000 trained men do his bidding.

Mr. Cassatt has risen from an obscure position in railroading, but is not an instance of a very poor lad that has climbed to dizzy heights. His father was well-to-do, the son accompanied the father to Europe and for a while studied at Heidelberg. On his return home he took a course in the Polytechnic Institute at Troy, and from that school was graduated as a civil engineer. After locating a railroad in Georgia he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania company as a rodman in the engineering department. He climbed steadily in course of time we find him occupying the post of vice president, a position he unexpectedly resigned and for 17 years, though continuing as a director in the company, devoted himself to various outside interests; travel, the development of his great stock farm, to active outdoor life. But in 1899 he was persuaded to accept the presidency of the Pennsylvania railroad, and immediately set to work with tremendous energy and bold aggressiveness to make the system what it has become. To him belongs much of the credit of the magnificent Union station at Washington, the four-tracking of the main line of the Pennsylvania, the use of the river tunnels as means of entrance and exit at New York, the expenditures of vast sums in improving the roads. It was Cassatt that introduced the system of retiring an employee on a pension at the age of 70 years.

CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE DEMOCRATIC CONFERENCE



When Senator Gorman, of Maryland, died the other day, all were asking who would take his place among the Democrats. We do not go so far as to say that Senator Blackburn is to take his place, but speak of the fact that Mr. Blackburn takes Mr. Gorman's place as chairman of the senate Democratic conference.

Senator Blackburn is a native of the state he represents in the senate, Kentucky; was born in Woodford county, Kentucky, 1838, is a graduate of Centre college, Danville. Mr. Blackburn studied law and practiced the profession of law in the city of Chicago until the civil war called him into the field. He served in the confederate army.

At the close of the war Mr. Blackburn returned to the practice of law, now making Kentucky his home. He also took an active interest in politics, and from 1871-5 was a member of the Kentucky legislature. The latter year he was sent to congress, for five terms served in the house of representatives. Since 1885 he has been a member of the United States senate.

Senator Blackburn is a staunch party man and has been prominent in the councils of his party for a number of years.

MAYOR EUGENE E. SCHMITZ



The mayor of San Francisco rose to his great emergency with great ability, and to-day far and wide are sung the praises of Mayor Schmitz. When the tremendous disaster befell the city by the Golden Gate, Mayor Schmitz proved himself a born leader; the municipal government in ruins, he immediately saw to the organization of a new government that should meet the needs of the distressed people, appointed a citizens' committee of 50, with ex-Mayor Phelan at its head; issued a proclamation directing the people as to precautions they must follow for the common safety, and warning that drastic measures would be taken with anyone caught in any outrage.

It was four years ago Eugene Schmitz came to public notice as a union labor mayor; the election to the mayor's seat of an active member of the labor unions, marking something new in the history of the great cities of the United States. The young man was without experience in political office, the opposition to the labor unions' candidate had waged war with much energy and bitterness. The preceding summer in San Francisco had been marked by a most disastrous labor war, Eugene Schmitz' election was an emphatic labor victory.

The nomination of Eugene Schmitz came as a surprise, hitherto he had been practically unknown save as an enthusiastic member of the musician's union, leader of the orchestra in a popular theater. He was elected over the lawyer-banker candidate of the Democrats and over the regular Republican nominee.

Old Tecumseh's Proxy.

BY WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISS-CHEER.

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

SHERMAN.

Grim-visaged as the mountain's face,
Before the besom of the storm, that sweeps
The gnarled and rugged forest growth,
That dures the rocks, where Nature keeps
Her wildest watch and ward. Yet, with high heart
And kindly soul, amid war's fiercest ways,
Great Sherman thou hast done a mighty part,
And won thy country's highest meed of praise.

Tom Lansing and Lucie Bell loved each other, but they had talked on every other subject that they knew anything about, and on many of which they really knew nothing. Now they were strolling around the equestrian statue of grand old "Tecumseh" Sherman, in the moonlight of May. Near them towered the granite facade of the treasury, yonder twinkled the lights of the White House, and away at the apex of a triangle, loomed in half-light, a mighty giant in gray, the monument to Washington. Heavily deep and dark was the new spring dress of the trees.

"Sit there," he said. For with his handkerchief he had switched away the dust from a block of stone where stood, in real bronze, one of the soldiers that, at quadrangle corners, guard the "Leader to the Sea."

As he seated himself beside her he said: "I have written this and I want you to tell me if it sounds like poetry. I do not know if I can read it by this light, but I will try."

The scamp knew it by heart, but he read it as if it tried his eyes. It was the verse that is printed above, beginning:

"Grim-visaged as the mountain's face,"

"It may be poetry," she said, "but I should think that you might devote your genius to something better than apostrophizing that old invader who left monuments to himself, more awfully eloquent than this, all through dear old Georgia, in the chimneys of burned homes. I would find a better theme if I were you."

"That is very well said, Lucie. Now let me tell you a story."

"Do."

"Once upon a time—"

"That's a good, original start."

"Shall I tell the story?"

"I'll not say another word."

"Once upon a time, when a famous warrior was leading his armies through a beautiful land—"

"Why don't you say Sherman in Georgia, at once?"

"Thought you promised not to say another word?"

"Oh! I was only trying to help you simplify matters."

"All right. When Sherman was leading his legions through Georgia—"

"Following them, you mean."

"Following his legions through Georgia, there was a handsome young captain of one of his regiments—"

"The story grows in interest."

"A handsome young captain of a cavalry regiment had a remarkable episode. A cavalry brigade had captured the town of Roswell, on the Chatahoochee, at the extreme left of the army, and Roswell was simply a town of cotton and woolen factories. The exigencies of war demanded the burning of the factories and they were committed to the flames, but what disposition to make of the thousand or more pretty girls of the confederate looms became a serious question. Gallant old Tecumseh was equal to the occasion, however. He ordered a regiment of bold saibours to the front and directed that each trooper and officer should take a pretty maid, upon an improvised pillow, behind him on his steed. This was done and the unique cavalcade proceeded from Roswell to Marietta, the regimental band playing the air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the refrain to which the troopers sang with the words: "The girl I have behind me."

"So far from being terror-stricken the girls were soon in a jolly mood, clung to their cavaliers and were laughing in great glee as the procession entered Marietta, a lovely little city that nestles on the southward slope of historic old Kenesaw mountain."

"The girl that rode with her arms about the waist of the handsome young captain was the prettiest one of the thousand, and they were nearly all remarkable pretty southern girls who were patriotically working to clothe the soldiers of the south. Moreover, she was of a good family of Georgia and had held some sort of official position in one of the factories of Roswell. Besides, she had relatives in Marietta who dwelt in an imposing mansion amid a grove of umbrageous trees, where rose vines clambered about the galleries and over trellises, here and there, on the garden grounds."

"Of course. Don't you know I was born in Marietta?" questioned Lucie Bell.

"Yes, I know," returned Tom Lansing. "But this was many years before you were born. That was more than 40 years ago and you are not half that."

"Well, I should think not."

"All right. Now please let me finish this story—or, perhaps that is enough."

"Go on, Tom Lansing. I'm wild with curiosity."

"A young woman who stood at the gate to the beautiful grounds I told you of, watching with amused face the passing regiment of double riders, when she saw the young captain and his charge, rushed screaming between fright and joy, toward them, and then something happened. The captain's

horse, a fractious beast that had been none too complacent all this time with his added burden of girl and dimity, plunged and reared, and the young officer adroitly lifted the maiden to the ground and to the arms of her cousin, the young woman who had come from the gate. But other of the horses taking, contagiously, the fright, plunged against him, and rider and horse fell among rough-shod hoofs.

"Quickly the spot was cleared, but the young captain was taken up, unconscious, and by direction of the two girls was borne to the grand house among the trees and roses.

"The young captain happened to be known and loved by Gen. Sherman, who sent his own staff surgeon to attend the injured officer.

"There were days of anxiety for those about the young captain. He was long unconscious and then followed a fever. The left arm, with which he had so gallantly saved the girl from among the trampling horses, was broken and out, but youth and a good constitution triumphed at last, and shortly after Sherman had started on his march to the sea, Capt. Tom Lansing and Lucie Gill, his bride, the girl he had brought from Roswell behind him, and who had nursed him through his fight with death, had arrived at Lansing's home, in autumn, on the shady banks of the river Des Plaines, where often, in supreme happiness they sat by the pools that were quilled with the gold, and green, and crimson-hued leaves."

"Tom Lansing!" Lucie almost screamed. "Why that's your name! And Lucie Gill—that's my name—Lucie Gill Bell. My father had a cousin named Lucie Gill whom he loved so much that he named me for her, but he died when I was a baby and of course never told me of her history."

"She was my mother. I am the only son and youngest of five children."

"Then you and I are kin."

"Yes, but very far removed, I am thankful."

"I don't see why you are so exultant about the distance of our relationship. I'm just as good as you are, Tom Lansing."

"A thousand times better, little girl. But I am glad we are not near of kin because I want you to be my wife."

"Lift me up," she said, "until I can kiss the bronze lips of that old invader."

"Can't do that," he said, "but I will be old Tecumseh's proxy for once."

She clung ever closer to him as they strolled homeward, when the moon had hid behind the hills over the Potomac.

PHILOSOPHY OF DANCING.

Famous Men of Olden Times Who Indulged in Terpsichorean Pleasures.

Says a Paris correspondence of the London Standard: As Mr. Squeers' was "the right shop for morals," so it has been found year after year that the conference of the International Academy of Composers of the Dance and Dancing Masters is the right shop for history and deportment, and more especially for history. At the conference which was held in Paris recently M. Eugene Giraudet, the president of the academy, traced the history of dancing from early times.

The hymnal dance was evidently in vogue when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. The farandole is always claimed by Provence, but it seems now that it was invented by Thesusus when he came out of the Labyrinth, and that it was called the stork, because it imitated the flight of storks. Socrates danced. Plato—but I should like to hear Dr. Emil Reich on this point—and Simonides must have danced, according to our academicians, because they said such pleasant things about dancing.

Louis XIV. was not only "Le Grand Monarque," but also "un grand danseur," because he said: "He who dances well makes a long step in love." When Napoleon I. was a military student at Brienne he demanded more money from his father for dancing lessons, saying: "I do not know how to dance, and that is very ridiculous."

"This remark," said M. Giraudet, "proves that Napoleon was not wanting in common sense."

Capt. Cook turns out to have been an early Capt. Reece (commander of the Mantelpiece) when he insisted that his sailors should dance every day. As to the czar, we were informed that, though he does not talk much, he has uttered this apothegm on dancing: "A man is perfect and complete only when he knows how to conduct himself under all social conditions. A dancing master and master of manners is, therefore, indispensable."

Girls Are So Queer.

"When are you going to get married, Hilda?"

"Me? Why, what an absurd question! Haven't I always told you I hate the very sight of men?"

"Yes, but I thought you were joking and—"

"It is no joking matter. I am a bachelor girl and I am proud of it. I wouldn't be wedded to the best man on earth."

"How interesting! Do you remember that handsome Jack Dashing? Well, he told me he admired you more than any girl under the sun and he would like to make you his wife."

"And—what did you say?"

"Why, I told him you were a bachelor girl, hated men and he might as well leave town."

"What? How dare you interfere with my love affairs? Why couldn't you tell him to call around? I shall never speak to you again as long I live."—Chicago Daily News.

FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY

THE SCHOOLGIRL SHOULD KEEP A BIRTHDAY BOOK.

Remember Your Friends by Letter on Their Birthdays.—A Birthday Shower Will Bring Pleasure to a Lonely Schoolmate—Small Acts of Kindness Bring Much Happiness.—Brothers, Mothers and Fathers Also Like Attention on Their Birthdays.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Speaking of birthdays, do you remember how proud you were on the day when you slipped out of 12 into 13? That was a real mile-stone on the road, and you felt a good deal taller and much more important when you were fairly in the teens than you did in the first dozen years of your life. Then, when 10 came and three more of the wonderful white mile-stones had been passed, you were again in a different world. Girlhood has many phases and changes and is altogether a most interesting and fascinating period both to those who stand by and watch it, and to those who are in the midst of its pleasant time.

I suppose that you have a birthday book. Every girl should have one, so that she may keep in mind the birthdays of the dear people at home, of teachers, friends, chums and everybody in whom she has some measure of interest. It does not so much matter what the name of the particular birthday book is, but it should have a sentiment in prose or verse for every day in the year, and a blank space under each date, where names of friends may be written.

Nothing gives more pleasure to a friend at a distance than to receive a letter from Bessie or Marjorie on the morning of a birthday, a letter carrying good wishes, a message of cheer and an assurance of love. If Wilhelmina in South Dakota on a ranch, ten miles from a neighbor, shall have dropped into her lap on the morning of her fifteenth birthday a letter from Caroline in Tennessee, containing a pressed flower, a bookmark, or merely four pages of merry chat, her heart will glow with new warmth the live-long day. She will know that Caroline took trouble for her and that she went to the post office and found out precisely how many days it would take for her letter to reach its destination. Caroline, living in a village with neighbors close by, could hardly appreciate how lonely Wilhelmina sometimes felt, but she had bridged over the space between by her word in season.

Does there happen to be among your acquaintances a girl whom everybody loves, or a girl who has few relatives and is far from home, or a girl who is tired and drooping, or still another shut in by illness and compelled to sit still by the hour instead of going about as you do at her own sweet will? Any one of these girls would be made extremely happy if her classmates or her friends should send her a birthday shower. Suppose you begin to plan it two or three weeks in advance of the date. You will then choose the place where the shower is to be given. If at the girl's own home, her friends will meet there and take her by surprise, although they will be wise if they give a hint beforehand to her mother or older sister as to their intention.

Surprises may fall on a household at an inconvenient moment, and it is generally better to take the head of the family into confidence before proceeding with them. The girl herself may be kept very properly in ignorance of the compliment that is to be paid her. Brides often have showers of linen or china before their wedding days, but I see no reason why other people may not have showers, too. Yours to your friend who has a birthday may include plants, photographs, flowers in bloom, books, bon bons or anything else that you choose to bring, and the greater the variety the more pleasing the occasion will be.

A girl I knew had a birthday shower given her and years after it, looking over a box of souvenirs, she found among other little things that had been put away, a bit of cardboard with a Latin motto worked in steel beads and stitched carefully to a piece of white satin ribbon. The girl who had worked it for her was by that time on the other side of the globe and they had not seen or heard from one another in a long time, but the motto with its quaint message of unchanging love was precious to her who had put it away in her box of treasures, while she was yet in her teens.

You will not think that I am preaching, will you, if I hint that each birthday should mark a definite advance in wisdom and knowledge and find us better fitted to help one another than we were a year ago? Little things make up the sum of our lives. If we are fretful and cross, easily disturbed and quick to resent grievances, we shall be hard to get on with, troublesome to ourselves and disagreeable to our friends.

There are girls who are charming away from home, but very inconsiderate and irritable with those they love best. Every birthday should enable us to be more self-controlled and more gentle and lovable than we used to be. In a household I know there are three sisters; Louise is unselfish and lovely; Betty is preoccupied with her own affairs and sees everything from her own point of view; Maria is partially an invalid and is what her mother calls "fractious." The last ex-

pression means a good deal to me. It shows me that Maria's disposition is to break the peace around her instead of preserving it as a perfect whole. Louise is the darling of this trio."

Hannah More, a writer very popular in her day, but at present almost forgotten, wrote a bit of verse that fits in to my birthday talk:

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all can please;
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offense."

Another bit of advice may be pardoned. I have been in homes where a great deal of attention was paid to Susie's and Jenny's birthdays, but nothing whatever made of the birthdays of Tom and Dick. Boys care just as much about love and happy times at home as girls do, and sisters should look out for their brothers and make their birthdays red-letter days.

Then father and mother, who are always thinking and planning for you and making sacrifices that you may be well educated, well dressed and able to go here and there, for visits and journeys, should be remembered by their juniors. On father's birthday, see that there is an extra touch on the table, a flower beside his plate, and a little gift from every one. As for mother, too much cannot be done for her, since she is the good angel of her children's lives. If there are old people in the house, do something extra for them on their birthdays.

The sum of the matter is this: a birthday is a golden opportunity to make somebody happy and to take a fresh start in unselfish behavior on your own part.

WHAT IS REAL COURTESY?

A Kindly, Pleasant Attitude Reveals the Person of Good Breeding—About the Retort Courteous.

Where politeness is only put on for the occasion, it is very likely to prove an ill-fitting garment, dropping at unexpected times and leaving the bare skin of the boor to show.

To show real courtesy is to feel it; that which is only assumed is forgotten when occasion demands its exercise, and coarse self appears, because the heart is wrong.

Perhaps it may be true in a measure that one who always is polite may find that politeness mistaken for submissiveness that is out of place, should he or she come in contact with the really rude nature. But even then, if it be necessary to assert one's self in order to be respected, it must still be done with due regard to the observance of politeness. Otherwise, the same plane is touched whereon the low nature dwells and there is no apparent difference.

The man who finds he must use his fists to guard himself from the ready fists of the bully, does it quietly but effectively, and the woman who must defend herself with retort from the attacks of some other woman, who cannot possibly be called a lady, finds refuge in the very perfection of retaining her self-possession. She knows that should she attempt vituperation, she would find herself completely at the mercy of her opponent's trained tongue, versed in such matters, so she can only maintain her own self-respect and claim that of everyone else, by refraining from any but the polite—which may really be extremely cutting—retort.

Any service that is asked or rendered—any and every task we require from those paid to do what they are told to do, is all the better, all the more willingly and properly performed, if simple courtesy is extended in the requiring. It is not needed that anything more than gentle voice and pleasant countenance should be heard and shown, but these the really courteous person is always sure to use.

My Lady's Tresses.

Massaging the scalp while the hair is exposed to the sun and air is really the best treatment to prevent the hair from falling out. Hair should always be left perfectly loose at night, if possible. Take down and brush thoroughly with a coarse brush, run the fingers through and shake it well, that the air may get into the scalp. If it must be braided, make the braid very loose. Keeping it constantly done up will cause the scalp to itch and hair to smell sour. It is not necessary to shampoo oftener during the summer, as it may be kept just as clean and sweet by brushing and occasionally cleaning with orris root. The following tonic will be found very beneficial: Bay rum, one ounce; ammonia, one dram; cantharidine, one ounce; alcohol, two ounces; water enough to fill an eight ounce bottle. Never use a tonic without first massaging the scalp, that the pores may be opened to absorb the stimulating qualities of the tonic.

A Good Skin Food.

Lanoline, nine ounces; cocoa butter, one-half ounce; white wax, five ounces; spermaceti, one-half ounce; almond oil, six ounces; water, nine ounces; borax, 50 grains; perfume with three drops of oil of neroli. Heat lanoline, cocoa butter, white wax, spermaceti and almond oil not hotter than you can touch a finger to. Dissolve borax in water, stir in oils, take from stove, and beat with egg beater until cold. Put in jars and keep in cool place.

Announcing an Engagement.

The proper way is to write personal notes to those who are supposed to be interested in the event—intimate friends and relatives, not mere visiting acquaintances.

THE RAILROAD

The Life of the Railroad Man—The Preparation Necessary for Success in This Important and Permanent Career—The Opportunities It Offers the Boy or Young Man Who Determines to Succeed—Many Pertinent Facts and Opinions.

By NATH'L C. FOWLER, JR.

Author of "The Boy—How to Help Him Succeed," "Building Business," "Dollars and Sense," "Fowler's Encyclopedia of Publicity and Printing," "Gumption," Etc.

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The railroad business is divided into two widely separated branches, the operating and business departments. The operating department is responsible for the running of the trains and for all that pertains to the mechanical action of the road. The business department does the financing, fixes the rates, is in charge of the clerical forces, and attends to the business part of railroading; and, further, exercises a general supervision over the operating department.

A railroad is a corporation, operated under the direction of a board of directors, which is elected annually by the stockholders. This board of directors is in control of every department, and delegates its power to its active and appointed officials.

For the sake of convenience and expediency, the board of directors elects, as its representatives, what are known as railroad officials: a president, one or more vice presidents, a treasurer with his assistants, a general superintendent with any number of assistant superintendents, a chief engineer, a master mechanic with his assistants, a general freight agent and assistants, a general passenger agent with one or more assistants, in some cases a general manager and a traffic manager, and the department heads with their assistants. All of these officials may or may not be directly elected by the board of directors, as it is usual for the chiefs to appoint some of their assistants.

Duties of Officials

The president is not always the working head of the railroad. He may not be a practical railroad man, and may hold his office on account of his business capacity, which enables him to finance any commercial enterprise. But most railroad presidents are practical men, understanding railroading in general, and often its management even to the smallest detail.

The vice president, if active, usually has some distinct duties, and is in charge of certain important matters. The treasurer is the custodian of the railroad's money. The secretary may or may not occupy a position of responsibility. It is his official duty to keep the records of the meetings and to perform such other functions as may be designated by the board of directors.

The general superintendent is the executive officer of the operating side of the road, and is responsible for everything outside of the clerical and financial departments, except that he does not, as a rule, interfere with the duties of the general freight, passenger and ticket agents. He is almost invariably a mechanical expert, and always a disciplinarian, who understands the handling of large bodies of men.

The chief engineer occupies a position equal to that of the general superintendent, and in some cases he outranks him in salary and in importance. He has charge of the civil engineering and of other matters. A railroad must be surveyed and constructed, with its bridges, tunnels and track work, before the trains can be run; and the chief engineer is responsible for this work, and for the constant rebuilding and enlargement of the road.

Responsibility Divided

Large railroads are divided into divisions, each of which are under the direction of a district or division superintendent, who, in turn, is responsible to the general superintendent.

The general freight agent has charge of the freight department, a position of much responsibility. The offices of general passenger and ticket agent are usually combined under one man, as the duties of each are frequently too similar to warrant separation. This official has charge of the railroad's passenger business, including the ticket offices.

The master mechanic is at the head of the mechanical work of the road, and is responsible for the condition of the locomotives and cars. Comparatively few roads have traffic managers. These officials are in control of the traffic, and outrank the freight, ticket and passenger agents.

With the exception of a few railroad presidents, who are chosen solely for their financial ability, substantially all railroad men began at the bottom or close to the bottom, and worked up. This is as it should be, in other lines of business as well as in railroading; but railroading, perhaps more than any other calling, requires a specific knowledge and experience obtained on the premises. It is a special business, and the ordinary business man, successful along general lines, cannot immediately adapt himself to railroad conditions.

Railroad locomotive engineers are paid as high as \$2,000 a year, and from that the salaries grade down to \$700 and \$800 for drivers of freight and switch engines. Passenger conductors receive from \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year, and brakemen from \$700 to \$800. Freight conductors are paid about \$650 a year. Conductors, as a

rule, begin as brakemen, this experience being extremely valuable to them. The engineer usually develops from the fireman, and most firemen start in as wipers or as round-house helpers.

Superintendents have almost invariably occupied some subordinate position, often the lowest. There are many of commanding position, and of enormous capacity, who began as firemen, as workers in the round-house, or as mechanics in the repair shop.

The railroad man is a man of action, and a man of quick action, a man able to do in a minute, in safety, what men in other lines of work may require hours for execution. It has been said that the railroad man never sleeps, that if he does sleep, he has the sleeping mind of a dog, the kind which a whisper will awake. The lazy boy, even though he may be a mechanical genius, would better keep away from railroading.

The Clerical Side

To sum up, let me say that the clerical side of the railroad business offers good opportunity, but probably not so much as does the clerical side of the mercantile business. The operating department usually presents good opportunities to the boys of mechanical capacity, who are able to master their ability, and to practically utilize it, and who, moreover, are natural workers and willing to work hard, to begin at the bottom, with a full realization that promotion depends upon ability and upon the safe yet quick action of ability. The slow boy has no business in the railroad business; nor has the quick boy, if his rapidity is not under the control of dependable discretion.

The principal railroad officials are well paid, their salaries ranging from a few thousand dollars to as much as a hundred thousand dollars a year. This higher figure, however, has never been paid to more than a few railroad presidents. Comparatively few presidents of railroads receive less than \$5,000 a year, and \$10,000 is by no means an unusual figure; in fact, there are quite a number drawing salaries in excess of \$25,000 a year.

The average salary enjoyed by the railroad official, whose position is not relatively lower than that of the general manager and ticket agent, is not far from \$5,000 a year, and it is doubtful if any competent head of a responsible department ever receives less than \$1,500. Railroad clerks and other employees receive salaries similar to those paid by the regular mercantile houses. They have, up to a certain point, the same opportunity for advancement as is enjoyed by those occupying similar positions in general business. But it must be borne in mind that the clerical railroad employee has little chance of becoming a factor in the controlling ownership. He has little opportunity to rise beyond a head clerkship or to the head of an under-department.

The heads and sub-heads of the operating department are men of unusual ability. They are specialists, possessors of mechanical skillfulness, and in charge of many workers are natural controllers of men. They know how to work themselves and how to direct the labors of others. They are, also, equipped with minds capable of instantaneous action.

The operating department is divided and subdivided into many heads, all under the direction of the general superintendent. There are division superintendents, mechanical engineers, and a large number of foremen and assistants, each man below the general superintendent being responsible for one thing or series of similar things in which line or lines he must be an expert.

Every operating railroad man is a specialist, and differs from the rank and file of ordinary business men. His success depends upon his ability and training along certain lines. Without this special ability and hard training he never will make a success of the railroad business.

Requisite Education

The boy who intends to enter the clerical side of railroading needs the same preparation as he does to take up any regular business, although some mechanical knowledge, even in the clerical department, will not come amiss. But the boy who intends to go into one of the operating departments, and this is the side which offers the greatest opportunity, needs to be equipped with a liberal and broad technical education. From the common or high school he should pass into some institute of technology, and graduate. The classical college is hardly to be advised, because the first-class institute of technology, or other high technical school, gives all the general education essential to successful railroading.

There are few callings which need more training and discipline than this. Promotion in the operating department is impossible without experience, and a strong, rugged, broad, general technical education exhibits experience and widens its capacity.

A well-educated boy stands a many times better chance of advancement than does the boy who enters the operating department from the common school, without any definite knowledge of mechanics. The successful railroad official is an educated man. If his early or scholastic education has been insufficient, he must acquire the training later in life, and his progress is therefore naturally retarded. It takes less time, and costs less, to receive education when one is in the receptive educational state than to properly acquire it after one has started his career.

I would not advise any boy to enter the operating side of railroading who is not naturally of a mechanical turn of mind and who is unable to obtain a thorough mechanical education. If he has no mechanical ability, he will not rise much above the lower level. True, there are many railroad engineers, and others, who are successful, and who have enjoyed little school education. It is also true that one may learn to run an engine, or to do other mechanical work, without a technical school training; but this school training is far more effective, and far more economical, than is the training of experience, although it does not take the place of actual experience.

But the boy, with only a school training, has little in the way of asset. He is simply in a position to advance more rapidly than would be possible without this school experience. A general, broad mechanical education is valuable even though only a part of it may be actually utilized in real life, for the very broadness of this training allows its possessor to be more successful in a specialty than he would be if he had given his scholastic life exclusively to the practice of that specialty.

The boy who is considering the railroad business is advised to place himself in direct personal communication with railroad men. I would advise him to talk with men representing various departments of railroading. All of us are more or less biased, and occasionally we unintentionally give false advice. For this reason, a consultation with several railroad men, each representing a different department, will enable the boy to obtain in advance a better idea of what the railroad really offers—its real advantages and disadvantages. Railroad men, as a rule, are cordial, and are willing to give advice and information.

Roswell Miller's Views

Mr. Roswell Miller, chairman of the board of directors, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, in a letter to the author, says:

"The principal advantages of the railway business consist in the fact that there are not enough men in it who are capable of filling the best positions. There is always room for those who have ability enough to fill a high position. And aside from merely clerical positions, there is something more than ordinarily interesting in the work which makes it absorbing, and success is therefore more likely.

"The principal disadvantages are the absorption of the individual. If he is successful, he cannot do much else day or night—week days or Sundays. So that in most cases the man who devotes himself to the railway business, and serves his company honestly, cannot at the same time acquire a large fortune, which he could do with the same amount of labor in other directions. Besides this, railroading, like many other pursuits, has many 'machine' places, which are filled by men who come to be merely machines."

All Depends on Boy

Mr. W. J. Wilgus, vice president of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, in a letter to the author, says:

"To the young man of sound principles and good constitution, imbued with the intention to succeed, the railroad offers a career that contains all of the rewards for which men can strive. There is probably no field so attractive as that of the railroad for the display of the strenuous qualities that, in less peaceful times, won success in the profession of arms. Financial returns and the honors of position are at the command of the young man of ability who is not afraid of hard work, and whose constant aim is the securing of the pleasure that comes from the accomplishment of work well done.

"The disadvantages in the field of railroading are long hours, and the frequent subordination of social pleasures to the demands of duty."

Mr. J. W. Burdick, passenger traffic manager of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad company, in a letter to the author, says:

"My advice in the premises would depend upon my estimate of the boy's ability and promise. If he is made of the right stuff, it is immaterial whether he enters the clerical or the operating department of a railroad. In either case, if his activities are sufficiently exercised in learning his business he will either follow along the line of promotion or be extinguished, according to the estimate placed upon those activities by the management. I believe that the elements and probabilities of success are inherent in the boy himself, and that the ultimate outcome is not materially influenced by the kind of work he takes up in the beginning, if he is fitted by birth and education properly to perform the duties which come to his hand."

Skeet Wood--Retired.

BY GEORGE BINGHAM.

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The freight train rattled and swayed as it ripped along at its best speed down the steel rails stretching out through the lowlands and the knobs.

A wandering printer lay stretched out on some old newspapers spread over the floor of a box car, and he had just awakened from the sound sleep of a man who had nothing on earth to bother him.

Seeing the bright flashes of sun through the cracks around the side door Skeet arose, "stretched" himself and climbed through the small end window to the top of the car.

A brakeman with a broad, red, Irish face came slowly down the train.

"Well, general," he spoke above the rattle and clang as he approached the tramp, "how'd you rest last night? Any bugs in that coach?"

"No, I never heard any stirring around through the night. I've seen 'em turn around and go back, when they saw me. Why, have you had any complaints from other passengers?"

"Yes," the brake replied, "Shorty—you know old red Shorty, with the crooked eye—yes he rolled out of there the other night and trotted back and said if I didn't give him another place he'd get off, and make me give him his two bits back. He'd done it too!"

"What'd you do with him?"

"Oh, I moved him over into a mule car, and never heard any more of him."

"Say, brakeman, where are we any-bow?"

"That last whistle back yonder was Peachtree Switch."

"In Kentucky, hey?"

"Yes, hit Kentucky back yonder before daylight."

"Where's the next water tank?"

"Red Oak Ridge."

"I'll blow off there. Red said there was a print shop there, and I'll drop off and clean up."

When the train slacked up for Red Oak Skeet Wood dropped off and found himself standing in the village's only street.

The municipality of Red Oak Ridge consisted of a few, rambling, unpainted houses squatted about among the growth of scrubby red oak trees and bushes.

A boy came along the road driving a cow.

"Say, ain't your name Charlie?" Skeet Wood asked.

"Naw, sir. My name ain't Charlie. It's Grover, that's what it is."

"Well, that's what I thought. You even look like your name was Grover. Say, Grover, where's the printing office? The place where they print the weekly newspaper?"

"Ain't any."

"Why?"

"'Cause they moved it off. That's why."

"Moved the whole print shop away?"

"Yes, sir. That wasn't such a big job."

"Well, Grover, where did they move the office to?"

"Where did they move it to? They moved it to Pursley."

"Where is Pursley, Grover?"

"Haw, don't you know where Pursley is? Pursley is 14 miles from here. That way."

"Where is the courthouse that was here once upon a time?"

"It's moved to Pursley, too."

"Has it? How long ago?"

"Why, it moved to Pursley the next day after the newspaper moved to Pursley."

"How long has that been?"

"What?"

"How many years has it been?"

"Oh, it has been about 11 years ago. It was moved three years after I was born."

"Is that so, Grover?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say, Grover, is there a post office here?"

"Yes, sir, there is a post office here."

"Why didn't they move it to Pursley too?"

"'Cause they already had one there and they didn't want two there."

"How about the blacksmith shop here? Have you got a pretty good one?"

"Naw, sir. We did have one, but they moved it to Pursley."

"They did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Looks like a road used to run right across this field here. Where is it now?"

"Yes, sir, there was a road running right across there, but when they moved the other things over to Pursley, they turned the road around and had it so it would run into Pursley too."

"You had started somewhere with that cow, hadn't you, Grover?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going to take her down to the creek bottom to get her a drink of water. Pap's goin' to take her to Pursley to-morrow."

"He is?"

"Yes, sir. Where are you goin'?"

"I think I'll go to Pursley, too. So good-by, Grover."

A few miles over the road stood a deserted cabin. Tall weeds grew around it. The "stack" chimney at one end leaned away from the wall, seemingly ready to fall at the slightest jar.

Climbing to the top rail of the fence Skeet Wood sat and rested.

He was a man of not much over 30 years of age, with fair intelligence and much general information gathered in his continuous ramble.

"How can anybody, anybody—live away off here in the middle of nothing—away off here where there's not a d-d thing to see but the trees and hills, and nothing to hear but the

crickets and jay birds, unless it is the voice of nature. But I guess the people who use to live here have got just as much or more of that vapory thing we call enjoyment out of living as anyone in a city, where there's always something going—"

"Well!" the rough voice of a woman called suddenly through the front door, which had been slowly opened.

Skeet Wood suddenly grasped the rail upon which he sat, and raised to a jumping posture.

"Don't be skeered now, you buzzard-looking tramp."

"I'm not skeered, but I hate to meet people so suddenly," Skeet replied.

"What do you h'ist yo'self on a person's front fence fer, if you don't want to meet them sudden?"

"Well, you see, I didn't think anybody lived here."

"Well, you see you air mistaken. We jest moved in here day before yesterday, but we live here jest the same as if we'd moved here year before last. Been to dinner?"

"No. Nor breakfast neither, since you brought up the subject."

"All right," the husky looking woman said; "go back there and drive that shot out of the sorghum patch and I'll get you something to eat. Go and help him, Pris. You know how ornuly them shotes of that red sow air. Go on. He ain't goin' to bite you."

Skeet beat down an army of weeds and joined Pris at the back door.

Pris was the first to speak.

"Say, jump these tater rows. Maw will holler if you step on one of them."

"All right, Miss Pris."

"How'n the devil did you know my name was Pris?"

"I heard your maw say it was."

"I ain't heard nobody say whut your name be," said Miss Pris.

"My name might be Skeet."

"Skeet? Named after a skeeter, wasn't you? Look kinder like a skeeter anyhow. Well, now, yonder's the shote. You go around that way and I'll go around this here way, and we'll both come up behind him."

Skeet had not yelled "sewery there" more than half a dozen times before he had fallen in love with Miss Pris. She was about 18 years of age, built on the style of a robust fence-jumping steer, and was as reckless in her everyday manner as a young lady could be without being dangerous.

The shote was at last driven to the rail fence, where it disappeared through a crack into the tall weeds.

At noon the woman's husband came from somewhere on a mule whose hair was long and his ears worked back and forth when he walked. Skeet was invited into the kitchen, where stood a table with four seats around it.

"Take that there vacant seat over on that side, Whut's name."

"We did have just exactly a table full in this fambly, but Bud had to go and get sent to the penitentiary, so you air lucky in getting a seat."

Pris looked at Skeet. "You don't know who Bud is, do you?"

"No, I don't remember of ever meeting Bud."

"Well, Bud he's my husband, or was before he got sent to the pen."

Five weeks faded into the past like a cigarette paper in the rain. Skeet was an occupant of the cabin. They had treated him well and he was as much at home there as he could have been anywhere. A bed had been prepared for him in the loft. It was even better than Skeet had been used to, and what if it was not? A man shouldn't notice a hard bed when he is in love.

In this family Skeet was guest and boarder. In consideration of his bed, board and booze, with washing thrown in, he was under obligation to scare a shote out of the sorghum patch four or five times a day and to hide the mule in the tall weeds every time any person was observed coming along the road, the mule having been stolen by the old man a few weeks before.

The old man was large, with a face of fierce bushy whiskers, and eyes like those of a rat—keen, beady, black.

Shortly after Skeet had driven the hog out of the sorghum patch one day the old man led him down a ladder into the cellar and explained to him the working of a small whisky-making outfit.

"Skeet, this here business operates on a small scale and is quiet. Recollect that."

"I ain't going to tell nothing. No, no, I won't even think about it when I get in yelling distance of a stranger. Because I'm going to be a member of this family after next week."

"You and the gal has calkited to get hitched up, have you? Well, she made Buddy a mighty good woman."

Skeet and the girl drove over to Pursley and got married.

Another cabin was built just across the potato patch, and became the home of this couple. Skeet was annexed as a partner in the quiet business going on in the cellar, and an easy, lazy living was made—the sort of existence Skeet liked.

Seven years have melted away like the glittering frost of early morning. The old man has been sent to the pen for stealing another mule, the old lady has remarried and moved to Pursley. Skeet has full charge of the still in the cellar and by industry and sobriety has grown to be one of the most prominent moonshiners in that part of Kentucky.

With the Window Open.

"I've got to practice on the piano five hours a day," said the disconsolate small girl.

"What for?"

"'Cause mother and father don't like our new neighbors." — Washington Star.

TELLING TOM

It was all very beautiful to the pretty girl in pale blue linen and the young man in the natty summer suit. After a week's weary work in their downtown offices that Saturday evening out at the big, glittering amusement park was a restful treat with its surging crowds, its garlands of sparkling lights, the music, the whirl of passing throngs and the mingling of light laughter and gay words.

"Can't you make up your mind and answer me to-night, Lou?" he urged. "Haven't I waited long enough? Is it yes or no?"

There was coquetry in the side glance she gave him. "Don't be so serious," she laughed. "We came out here to enjoy ourselves!"

There was pain in the look he gave her. "It is serious to me," he said, huskily, "if not to you!"

A little stab of self-reproach sobered the girl in pale blue, but as she opened her lips the young man left her side. She saw him in a group of eager purchasers of tickets for the airship toward which they had been headed and sighed a little as she watched his broad shoulders. She almost resolved to stop teasing him and give him an answer. What should it be? She was not willing to admit to herself that she was quite sure.

She came to herself with a start as he called her name from over the heads of the lesser men.

"Go on, Lou!" she said. "We take the next one down."

There was a push and a shifting of humanity and she felt his hand steadying her elbow. Her cheeks were flushed pink, for she was trying to make up her mind.

When the girl in pale blue found a seat in the last row of chairs she was a little breathless. After all the rush she and the young man in the natty suit were alone in that row for the third seat was unoccupied. The car began to rise gently and she leaned toward him, moving across to the empty chair between them.

"It scares me!" she said a little apologetically and slipped her hand into his.

In the dim light she felt the young man regarded her intently. "Does it?" he asked.

"Aren't the lights beautiful?" she asked softly as they continued to rise above the babel below into the starlit night. "Somehow, I like it better—up her with you—than in such a crowd as that!"

"Do you?" murmured the young man.

The pretty girl bit her lip. It was going to be hard to win him back to good humor and a belief in her seriousness after all.

"Don't be cross!" she begged, poutingly.

His hand had not closed over hers, although it was timidly in reach of his close shut fingers. He was staring straight ahead at the panorama of reflected lights and only glanced at her now and then.

"Tom!" she said suddenly, the darkness hiding the rose in her cheeks. "I—I've been thinking about what you said and you are right. I ought to say one thing or the other. I should either take you—or send you away!"

"I shouldn't like to be cast off at the present instant!" commented the young man glancing down the long stretch to firm earth.

Tears sprang to the girl's eyes. "I don't think it's nice of you to joke!" she said, a little fiercely. "You were cross enough when I wasn't as serious as a judge! You—why, you don't even act as though you were interested."

"Well," asserted the young man, "I never was more interested in my life."

"You—you act so queerly," said the girl, a trifle mollified. "But it is so hard—a few minutes ago I was sure I—I cared for you and now—well, I don't know. It will take something decisive to make me feel sure—"

The airship had reached the top and gave a preliminary, hair-raising jerk and fell a few inches before it began its waving motion around the top of the tower. It was truly an alarming instant.

With a little shriek the girl in pale blue clutched the young man and bruted her face against his shoulder. "O—oh!" she moaned in terror.

The young man patted her hand in a soothing way and murmured incoherently. When the car began to descend she did not move. Nobody could see them and somehow it was surprisingly restful.

"You are so good," she murmured once. "I've been a goose, I—I'm sorry for tormenting you so long. You might have known my answer, Tom—it's yes!"

The car fluttered suddenly to earth and there was a rush out of it. With downcast eyes the girl in pale blue followed the rest, the young man back of her. Just outside the car she ran straight into another worried and anxious young man who dragged her to one side.

"Tom! Why—why, Tom," she almost shrieked in horrified crescendo and then whirled around, but the young man behind her had vanished. He was lost in the throng. She felt giddy.

"Why, Lou, Tom said, 'you look ill. The gatekeeper called me back about our tickets and I was too late to get in! Were you afraid? You need some one to take care of you!'"

"I think I do, Tom," stammered the girl in pale blue, hysterically. "I—I think if you want the task you'd better take it from now on!" —Chicago Daily News

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow:

Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 8 p. m., 95 degrees.

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 14, 1906

NUMBER 97

MIDLAND WILL BEGIN SURVEY HERE AT ONCE

C. M. Rawlings, chairman Canadian Midland Syndicate with headquarters at Kansas City, arrived in Ada Friday afternoon and spent twenty-four hours mingling with our citizens and looking over the coming railroad center.

This syndicate it is that has in hand the building of the vast Canadian railway system which will make Ada famous. After a drive over the city this morning Mr. Rawlings expressed himself as delighted. He thinks Ada a magnificent selection as the junction point of the syndicate's lines. This was his first visit, and notwithstanding he had received flattering reports, he indicated he was surprised at the progress of the town but a few years old.

In response to inquiry of the News reporter relative to the status and prospects of the Canadian Midland, Mr. Rawlings said:

"Next week J. T. Payne, our chief engineer, will arrive in Ada to begin the preliminary survey of the line from here to Lawton. That completed, he will take up the locating survey, determining the right-of-way. Then comes the construction."

Mr. Payne is well known and well thought of in Ada. He it was who surveyed the original townsite of Ada.

"The preliminary survey of the Midland," continued Mr. Rawlings, "has been completed from Wagoner to Wewoka and another line from Wewoka 30 miles to Dustin. The latter will

connect with the Ft. Smith & Western, giving us access to Arkansas coal fields much to be coveted, and it may run into Muskogee over the M. O. & G. track."

As originally surveyed the Canadian Southern was to run from Hampton southward to Caney, which would have passed far to the east of Ada. Mr. Rawlings is highly pleased with the change which brings both the Midland and Southern over the same track from Hampton, via Frisco crossing below Sasakwa, to Ada.

He came here directly from Kansas City and left this afternoon for Oklahoma City where he will meet Mr. E. A. Hill, agent of the syndicate. Thence he goes to Lawton.

Exhumed Boy's Body.

Tulsa, I. T., July 14.—As he is not thoroughly convinced that the body of the little boy found murdered in a box car in Francis last Sunday night was that of his missing boy, Harry, J. E. Preister has gone to Francis and will have the body exhumed. Detective Henry Thompson of the Frisco special service is at work on the case, but so far has learned no clew to the murderers has been discovered.

Walsh handles the White Swan canned goods. Phone 17. 95-1f

Try the new barber shop at the Harris. If you are not pleased your money is refunded. 94-1f

PLANS ARE MAPPED OUT FOR BRYAN RECEPTION

New York, July 14.—Plans for the reception to be tendered William Jennings Bryan in this city upon his return the last week in August from a tour around the world, were mapped out yesterday by the plan and scope committee appointed by the Commercial Traveler's Anti-Trust League. Lewis Nixon presided.

On his arrival at the battery the morning of August 30, Mr. Bryan will be met by the reception committee and will be escorted up Broadway to Central park, across to Fifth avenue and then to the Victoria hotel, where he will rest until the evening reception at Madison Square Garden. Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland will preside in the evening. Governor Fall of Missouri is chairman of the reception com-

mittee on which democratic United States senators and congressmen, democratic governors, mayors and chairmen of state and national committees will be invited to serve as honorary members.

Former Governor W. L. Douglas of Massachusetts was selected to head a committee to secure the co-operation of the business interests of the country in the reception.

Alexander Trup, of Connecticut, has announced that he would bring a state delegation from his state and many other state delegations are expected.

We guarantee our Cupid flour. No. 17. Walsh. 95-1f

A new shipment of delicious Uvalde honey at Jones & Meaders. 95-3f

IS POSITIVE PROHIBITION LAW WILL STAND THE TEST

Rev. E. M. Sweet, superintendent of the Indian Territory Prohibition Statehood Organization, who resigned his pulpit at Muskogee to go to Washington and fight for the issues represented by his organization, is out in an interview in which he tells some hitherto unknown facts regarding the passage of the bill with the prohibition plank intact.

"The state of Oklahoma will, in my opinion, have the best prohibition law that has ever been drafted," said Mr. Sweet in response to a question as to how the prohibition people felt about the provisions of the enabling act. "Of course," he continued, "you will not understand that I am claiming credit for all this but we had the best legal counsel that Washington afforded. Hon. Chas. J. Bonaparte, secretary of the navy, and Hon. Chas. E. Littlefield, congressman from Maine, and an able lawyer, were our principal sources of advice on the constitutional points involved. Some of our friends, the enemy too, who were in Washington last winter and went up against Mr. E. C. Dinwiddie, legislative superintendent of the American Anti-Saloon League, discovered that he, too, is no small bit of a lawyer, and he is familiar with the legislation of all the states on this subject, as well as the Supreme Court decisions. You may be sure that these provisions will stand all right."

"But do not some of the lawyers say that such a provision will not be binding upon the state after it becomes a state?" was asked.

"Yes, but they have evidently not studied this proposition carefully. Congress simply says to the state in effect, 'You may become a state if you see fit to adopt a constitution containing these provisions, thus assuming the obligation of the federal government to the Five Civilized Tribes.' Now when the constitution is submitted to the people, if they adopt it, as they will, this provision will be as valid as any other part of the constitution, because it will rest upon the votes of the people and not upon an act of congress."

"I think, with many others," Mr. Sweet continued, "that the constitutional convention will make the provisions of the enabling act applicable to the whole state. Certain it is that if one end of the state should have prohibition and the other end should have the saloon, we should get the cream of immigration and they would get the riff raff. Our end of the state in 21 years would become far more wealthy and prosperous. This is a business proposition which the people of Oklahoma territory will not, I believe, overlook. About \$7,000,000 a year is now being worse than wasted in Oklahoma for liquor which the legitimate industries of the territory might just as well have."

ANNUAL SESSION OF INDIANHOMA UNION AUG. 21

Shawnee, Ok., July 14.—The Indianhoma State Union will meet in its second annual session the third Tuesday in August, in the City Hall at Shawnee, Ok., at 10 a. m., the same being the 21st day of August. It will be composed of the officers and committeemen and one delegate at large from each county union in Oklahoma and each recording district in Indian Territory. Also one delegate for each 1,000 members or majority fraction thereof from each county or district.

All members in good standing are cordially invited to attend and will be seated as advisory members, per constitution.

We urge upon all district and county unions the importance of this meeting and to send sober, patriotic union men, fully instructed and capable of representing their constituents, honor and

future greatness of our beloved union.

At this meeting the annual election of officers and committeemen will take place, also the annual report of all State officers and committeemen are to be made and submitted to this meeting for the consideration and action of the delegates. Many proposed amendments to the constitution and by-laws will be submitted and referred to the membership for adoption or rejection. Our plans of co-operation will be thoroughly discussed in an effort to harmonize, unify and perfect in a way that will insure permanent success. Let no union man fail to urge upon the minds of the fraternity the importance of this meeting.

S. O. Daws.

President Indianhoma State Union, Shawnee, Ok.

TAX LEVY OF BOARD CONTEMPLATES STATEHOOD

Guthrie, Okla., July 14.—In order to secure sufficient funds for the maintenance of the territory and the new state, during 1907, the Oklahoma board of equalization has fixed the total tax levy for the ensuing year at 6 1-2 mills, which will raise a total of \$628,048.89, will represent in part, at least the first taxes raised for the new state, taking into consideration the generally-admitted fact statehood will become effective some time during 1907. The first half of this tax must be paid, under the Oklahoma law, by January 15, 1907, and the second half by June 15, of the same year. The Oklahoma board of equalization is composed of the governor, secretary of the territory and auditor.

The apportionment of taxes as made by the board, is as follows: General territorial tax 2.5 mills, an income of \$241,557; for necessary appliances at the Agricultural and Mechanical college .03 mills or \$28,980.32; for improvements at Colored Agricultural and Normal school, .015 mills, or \$14,491.44; for state university, .04 mills, or \$41,973.84; for preparatory university, .028 mills, or \$36,716.76; for Central Normal school, .038 mills, or \$39,716.76; for Northwestern Normal school .03 mills,

of \$36,716.76; for Southwestern Normal school .038, or \$36,716.76; for liquidation of indebtedness of North-western Normal .025, or \$24,155.77; for Agricultural and Mechanical college .021 mills, or \$20,290.94; for Colored Agricultural and Normal school .021 mills, or \$20,290.94; for deaf and dumb school .022 mills, or \$21,257.07; for territorial board of education .003 mills, or \$2,897.69; total levy 6.5 mills.

Burglaries at Sterrett.

Sterrett, I. T., July 13.—Several business houses were burglarized here last night, the burglars effecting entrance by breaking out windows in the rear.

A dozen trays of jewelry were taken from Minor's jewelry store. A hat and pair of shoes from Raines and Ruins' Mercantile Company. The post-office was also broken into, but the thieves failed to get anything.

From the crude character of the work it is the supposition that the burglars were amateurs. Blood hounds from Durant are now on the trail.

Cupid flour, best on earth at Walsh's No. 17. 95-1f

Doc, Shann, of Center, was in town today.



"Fred" R. Seibert has been associated with evangelist F. E. Oliver for some time, and will assist while in Ada. He is an earnest christian, and his sincerity is apparent in his very look and act. His motto is "pitch in", his favorite verse, Dan. 12:3 "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that

turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever;" and his business is soul winning, leading noonday prayer meetings and teaching personal work. He was not in town 30 minutes until he was working for Christ. The people will appreciate his stay in Ada for he is a worker. Success to "Fred" in winning many souls to Christ.



WE ARE NOW

Turning out the finest ice cream in this section of country. It is a home product, even the ice that freezes it. When these conditions are facts why not use home manufactured cream?

CRYSTAL ICE CREAM COMPANY



IT KEEPS US BUSY

serving soda water. It just seems that old as well as young keep on buying it. It's because soda water we draw never disappoints you. Each glass we sell confirms a customer who tells others that increases our trade and is why we're busy.

We also sell Sanguera Mineral Wells Water, Eureka Springs Water and Ginger Ale in bottles.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist. (Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed.

How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Town-end Ave., Phone 64.

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has seen the bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building. :: 12th and Broadway.

Patronize Home Industry

By Buying Ice From

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249. Office at Ice Plant.

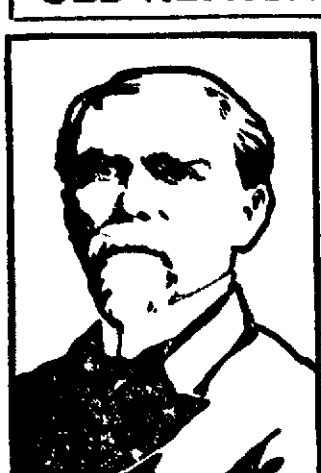
OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank.

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500. Ada, Ind. Ter

"OLD ALFALFA," WHO DIDN'T WANT TO GO



Foster Dwight Coburn is another name for "Old Alfalfa." Foster Dwight Coburn rather astonished people when he declined the opportunity to take the seat in the senate relinquished by Joseph Burton. He gave as reason that he liked the work in which he was engaged very considerably better than mixing up with politics and politicians.

This work is that of state secretary of the board of agriculture, and incidentally proclaiming to the world at large the greatness, present and coming, of the state of Kansas. "Old Alfalfa" believes heart and soul in Kansas, believes heart and soul in agriculture. Farmer and stockraiser himself, he has written voluminously on agricultural subjects and has done a great deal to promote agriculture—about 20 volumes have been published by the state of Kansas. Among the subjects dealt with by Mr. Coburn, are "Alfalfa," "Swine Husbandry," "The Beef Steer and His Sister," "Cow Culture," "The Plow, Cow and Steer," "The Modern Sheep," "The Horse Useful," "Corn and the Sorghums," "Pork Production," "Modern Dairying," "Railroads and Agriculture," "Agriculture and Home Making."

For about six years he was editor of the Kansas City Live-Stock Indicator; has served several times as regent of the State Agricultural college, been president and vice president of the board of regents. At important fairs and expositions Mr. Coburn has been expert judge of livestock, was chief of the department of livestock at the Louisiana exposition.

Many men struggle for a seat in the United States senate. Mr. Coburn is the rare instance of a man who had the senatorship thrust upon him. But other political honors had come his way and been rejected, and it seemed no difficult thing to let the latter go by. "Old Alfalfa" might have been governor, congressman, secretary of the national department of agriculture; but he preferred residence in Kansas and direct labors with the Kansas farmer.

PRESIDENT GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS



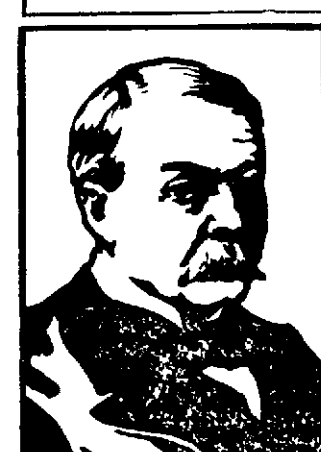
Some persons considered Mrs. Decker a little too "advanced," a little too zealous in advocacy of woman's suffrage and various "woman" questions, fitly to represent the large body of women included under the head of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; but when the time came for choice of the president for the federation Mrs. Decker was unanimously elected.

Mrs. Decker was reelected, we should have said, which means previous administration must have been a success. She is described as a typical western woman, generous, broad-minded, of much common sense.

But, like many western folk, she was born back east. Holyoke, Mass., was her birthplace. She spent several years of her life on Long Island. Since 1887 she has lived in Denver. Mrs. Decker is a leading club woman of the country, has been president of the Colorado federation and has served both as vice president and president of the general federation. She is noted for her direct speech, her forceful way of presenting a subject, quite as much as for being an ardent suffragist.

Probably Mrs. Decker's reelection means, not that suffrage has become more popular among women, but that the president's personality has proved so charming her popularity continues irrespective of positive views and utterances. For the newly elected president is reputed a woman also of much magnetism and charm, qualities that spell popularity.

ALEXANDER J. CASSATT



The Pennsylvania railroad system is a big system, Alexander J. Cassatt the biggest man that has been at the head of this system.

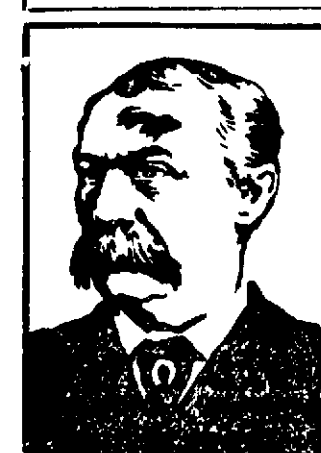
After a lifetime devoted to railroad enterprises, on approaching the three-score-year-and-ten period, Mr. Cassatt suddenly finds himself brought up short by the suddenly-come-to-fashion "investigation," finds the air full of tales of big graft and petty graft in connection with officials and affairs of the road which stands at the head of the railway system of America. Not ours the place to enter into discussion of the graft charges, but to present a glimpse of the big railroad man.

A. J. Cassatt has absolute control over a railway system with 17,000 miles of tracks. President Cassatt is reported as being in closer touch with the details of this great system than any other railroad president with the particular system over which he is head. Frederick Boyd Stevenson, in a vivid presentation of the man and his accomplishments, says the minutia of every department of the vast system is an open book to the president of the Pennsylvania, and that 100,000 trained men do his bidding.

Mr. Cassatt has risen from an obscure position in railroading, but is not an instance of a very poor lad that has climbed to dizzy heights. His father was well-to-do, the son accompanied the father to Europe and for a while studied at Heidelberg. On his return home he took a course in the Polytechnic Institute at Troy, and from that school was graduated as a civil engineer.

After locating a railroad in Georgia he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania company as a rodman in the engineering department. He climbed steadily in course of time we find him occupying the post of vice president, a position he unexpectedly resigned and for 17 years, though continuing as a director in the company, devoted himself to various outside interests; travel, the development of his great stock farm, to active outdoor life. But in 1899 he was persuaded to accept the presidency of the Pennsylvania railroad, and immediately set to work with tremendous energy and bold aggressiveness to make the system what it has become. To him belongs much of the credit of the magnificent Union station at Washington, the four-tracking of the main line of the Pennsylvania, the use of the river tunnels as means of entrance and exit at New York, the expenditures of vast sums in improving the roads. It was Cassatt that introduced the system of retiring an employee on a pension at the age of 70 years.

CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE DEMOCRATIC CONFERENCE



When Senator Gorman, of Maryland, died the other day, all were asking who would take his place among the Democrats. We do not go so far as to say that Senator Blackburn is to take his place, but speak of the fact that Mr. Blackburn takes Mr. Gorman's place as chairman of the senate Democratic conference.

Senator Blackburn is a native of the state he represents in the senate, Kentucky; was born in Woodford county, Kentucky, 1838, is a graduate of Centre college, Danville. Mr. Blackburn studied law and practiced the profession of law in the city of Chicago until the civil war called him into the field. He served in the confederate army.

At the close of the war Mr. Blackburn returned to the practice of law, now making Kentucky his home. He also took an active interest in politics, and from 1871-5 was a member of the Kentucky legislature. The latter year he was sent to congress, for five terms served in the house of representatives. Since 1885 he has been a member of the United States senate.

Senator Blackburn is a staunch party man and has been prominent in the councils of his party for a number of years.

MAYOR EUGENE E. SCHMITZ



The mayor of San Francisco rose to his great emergency with great ability, and to-day far and wide are sung the praises of Mayor Schmitz. When the tremendous disaster befell the city by the Golden Gate, Mayor Schmitz proved himself a born leader; the municipal government in ruins, he immediately saw to the organization of a new government that should meet the needs of the distressed people, appointed a citizens' committee of 50, with ex-Mayor Phelan at its head; issued a proclamation directing the people as to precautions they must follow for the common safety, and warning that drastic measures would be taken with anyone caught in any outrage.

It was four years ago Eugene Schmitz came to public notice as a union labor mayor; the election to the mayor's seat of an active member of the labor unions, marking something new in the history of the great cities of the United States. The young man was without experience in political office, the opposition to the labor unions' candidate had waged war with much energy and bitterness. The preceding summer in San Francisco had been marked by a most disastrous labor war, Eugene Schmitz' election was an emphatic labor victory.

The nomination of Eugene Schmitz came as a surprise, hitherto he had been practically unknown save as an enthusiastic member of the musician's union, leader of the orchestra in a popular theater. He was elected over the lawyer-banker candidate of the Democrats and over the regular Republican nominee.

Old Tecumseh's Proxy.

BY WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISS-CHEER.

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

SHERMAN.

Grim-visaged as the mountain's face,
Before the besom of the storm, that sweeps
The gnarled and rugged forest growth,
That dures the rocks, where Nature keeps
Her wildest watch and ward. Yet, with high heart
And kindly soul, amid war's fiercest ways,
Great Sherman thou hast done a mighty part,
And won thy country's highest meed of praise.

Tom Lansing and Lucie Bell loved each other, but they had talked on every other subject that they knew anything about, and on many of which they really knew nothing. Now they were strolling around the equestrian statue of grand old "Tecumseh" Sherman, in the moonlight of May. Near them towered the granite facade of the treasury, yonder twinkled the lights of the White House, and away at the apex of a triangle, loomed in half-light, a mighty giant in gray, the monument to Washington. Heavily deep and dark was the new spring dress of the trees.

"Sit there," he said. For with his handkerchief he had switched away the dust from a block of stone where stood, in real bronze, one of the soldiers that, at quadrangle corners, guard the "Leader to the Sea."

As he seated himself beside her he said: "I have written this and I want you to tell me if it sounds like poetry. I do not know if I can read it by this light, but I will try."

The scamp knew it by heart, but he read it as if it tried his eyes. It was the verse that is printed above, beginning:

"Grim-visaged as the mountain's face,"

"It may be poetry," she said, "but I should think that you might devote your genius to something better than apostrophizing that old invader who left monuments to himself, more awfully eloquent than this, all through dear old Georgia, in the chimneys of burned homes. I would find a better theme if I were you."

"That is very well said, Lucie. Now let me tell you a story."

"Do."

"Once upon a time—"

"That's a good, original start."

"Shall I tell the story?"

"I'll not say another word."

"Once upon a time, when a famous warrior was leading his armies through a beautiful land—"

"Why don't you say Sherman in Georgia, at once?"

"Thought you promised not to say another word?"

"Oh! I was only trying to help you simplify matters."

"All right. When Sherman was leading his legions through Georgia—"

"Following them, you mean."

"Following his legions through Georgia, there was a handsome young captain of one of his regiments—"

"The story grows in interest."

"A handsome young captain of a cavalry regiment had a remarkable episode. A cavalry brigade had captured the town of Roswell, on the Chatahoochee, at the extreme left of the army, and Roswell was simply a town of cotton and woolen factories. The exigencies of war demanded the burning of the factories and they were committed to the flames, but what disposition to make of the thousand or more pretty girls of the confederate looms became a serious question. Gallant old Tecumseh was equal to the occasion, however. He ordered a regiment of bold salueurs to the front and directed that each trooper and officer should take a pretty maid, upon an improvised pillow, behind him on his steed. This was done and the unique cavalcade proceeded from Roswell to Marietta, the regimental band playing the air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the refrain to which the troopers sang with the words: "The girl I have behind me."

"So far from being terror-stricken the girls were soon in a jolly mood, clung to their cavaliers and were laughing in great glee as the procession entered Marietta, a lovely little city that nestles on the southward slope of historic old Kenesaw mountain."

"The girl that rode with her arms about the waist of the handsome young captain was the prettiest one of the thousand, and they were nearly all remarkable pretty southern girls who were patriotically working to clothe the soldiers of the south. Moreover, she was of a good family of Georgia and had held some sort of official position in one of the factories of Roswell. Besides, she had relatives in Marietta who dwelt in an imposing mansion amid a grove of umbrageous trees, where rose vines clambered about the galleries and over trellises, here and there, on the garden grounds."

"Of course. Don't you know I was born in Marietta?" questioned Lucie Bell.

"Yes, I know," returned Tom Lansing. "But this was many years before you were born. That was more than 40 years ago and you are not half that."

"Well, I should think not."

"All right. Now please let me finish this story—or, perhaps that is enough."

"Go on, Tom Lansing. I'm wild with curiosity."

"A young woman who stood at the gate to the beautiful grounds I told you of, watching with amused face the passing regiment of double riders, when she saw the young captain and his charge, rushed screaming between fright and joy, toward them, and then something happened. The captain's horse, a fractious beast that had been none too complacent all this time with his added burden of girl and dimity, plunged and reared, and the young officer adroitly lifted the maiden to the ground and to the arms of her cousin, the young woman who had come from the gate. But other of the horses taking, contagiously, the fright, plunged against him, and rider and horse fell among rough-shod hoofs."

"Quickly the spot was cleared, but the young captain was taken up, unconscious, and by direction of the two girls was borne to the grand house among the trees and roses."

"The young captain happened to be known and loved by Gen. Sherman, who sent his own staff surgeon to attend the injured officer."

"There were days of anxiety for those about the young captain. He was long unconscious and then followed a fever. The left arm, with which he had so gallantly saved the girl from among the trampling horses, was broken and out, but youth and a good constitution triumphed at last, and shortly after Sherman had started on his march to the sea, Capt. Tom Lansing and Lucie Gill, his bride, the girl he had brought from Roswell behind him, and who had nursed him through his fight with death, had arrived at Lansing's home, in autumn, on the shady banks of the river Des Plaines, where often, in supreme happiness they sat by the pools that were quilled with the gold, and green, and crimson-hued leaves."

"Tom Lansing!" Lucie almost screamed. "Why that's your name! And Lucie Gill—that's my name—Lucie Gill Bell. My father had a cousin named Lucie Gill whom he loved so much that he named me for her, but he died when I was a baby and of course never told me of her history."

"She was my mother. I am the only son and youngest of five children."

"Then you and I are kin."

"Yes, but very far removed, I am thankful."

"I don't see why you are so exultant about the distance of our relationship. I'm just as good as you are, Tom Lansing."

"A thousand times better, little girl. But I am glad we are not near of kin because I want you to be my wife."

"Lift me up," she said, "until I can kiss the bronze lips of that old invader."

"Can't do that," he said, "but I will be old Tecumseh's proxy for once."

She clung ever closer to him as they strolled homeward, when the moon had hid behind the hills over the Potomac.

PHILOSOPHY OF DANCING.

Famous Men of Olden Times Who Indulged in Terpsichorean Pleasures.

Says a Paris correspondence of the London Standard: As Mr. Squeers' was "the right shop for morals," so it has been found year after year that the conference of the International Academy of Composers of the Dance and Dancing Masters is the right shop for history and deportment, and more especially for history. At the conference which was held in Paris recently M. Eugene Giraudet, the president of the academy, traced the history of dancing from early times.

The hymnal dance was evidently in vogue when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. The farandole is always claimed by Provence, but it seems now that it was invented by Thesusus when he came out of the Labyrinth, and that it was called the stork, because it imitated the flight of storks. Socrates danced. Plato—but I should like to hear Dr. Emil Reich on this point—and Simonides must have danced, according to our academicians, because they said such pleasant things about dancing.

Louis XIV. was not only "Le Grand Monarque," but also "un grand danseur," because he said: "He who dances well makes a long step in love." When Napoleon I. was a military student at Brienne he demanded more money from his father for dancing lessons, saying: "I do not know how to dance, and that is very ridiculous."

"This remark," said M. Giraudet, "proves that Napoleon was not wanting in common sense."

Capt. Cook turns out to have been an early Capt. Reece (commander of the Mantelpiece) when he insisted that his sailors should dance every day. As to the czar, we were informed that, though he does not talk much, he has uttered this apothegm on dancing: "A man is perfect and complete only when he knows how to conduct himself under all social conditions. A dancing master and master of manners is, therefore, indispensable."

Girls Are So Queer.

"When are you going to get married, Hilda?"

"Me? Why, what an absurd question! Haven't I always told you I hate the very sight of men?"

"Yes, but I thought you were joking and—"

"It is no joking matter. I am a bachelor girl and I am proud of it. I wouldn't be wedded to the best man on earth."

"How interesting! Do you remember that handsome Jack Dashing? Well, he told me he admired you more than any girl under the sun and he would like to make you his wife."

"And—what did you say?"

"Why, I told him you were a bachelor girl, hated men and he might as well leave town."

"What? How dare you interfere with my love affairs? Why couldn't you tell him to call around? I shall never speak to you again as long I live."—Chicago Daily News.

FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY

THE SCHOOLGIRL SHOULD KEEP A BIRTHDAY BOOK.

Remember Your Friends by Letter on Their Birthdays—A Birthday Shower Will Bring Pleasure to a Lonely Schoolmate—Small Acts of Kindness Bring Much Happiness—Brothers, Mothers and Fathers Also Like Attention on Their Birthdays.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Speaking of birthdays, do you remember how proud you were on the day when you slipped out of 12 into 13? That was a real mile-stone on the road, and you felt a good deal taller and much more important when you were fairly in the teens than you did in the first dozen years of your life. Then, when 10 came and three more of the wonderful white mile-stones had been passed, you were again in a different world. Girlhood has many phases and changes and is altogether a most interesting and fascinating period both to those who stand by and watch it, and to those who are in the midst of its pleasant time.

I suppose that you have a birthday book. Every girl should have one, so that she may keep in mind the birthdays of the dear people at home, of teachers, friends, chums and everybody in whom she has some measure of interest. It does not so much matter what the name of the particular birthday book is, but it should have a sentiment in prose or verse for every day in the year, and a blank space under each date, where names of friends may be written.

Nothing gives more pleasure to a friend at a distance than to receive a letter from Bessie or Marjorie on the morning of a birthday, a letter carrying good wishes, a message of cheer and an assurance of love. If Wilhelmina in South Dakota on a ranch, ten miles from a neighbor, shall have dropped into her lap on the morning of her fifteenth birthday a letter from Caroline in Tennessee, containing a pressed flower, a bookmark, or merely four pages of merry chat, her heart will glow with new warmth the live-long day. She will know that Caroline took trouble for her and that she went to the post office and found out precisely how many days it would take for her letter to reach its destination. Caroline, living in a village with neighbors close by, could hardly appreciate how lonely Wilhelmina sometimes felt, but she had bridged over the space between by her word in season.

Does there happen to be among your acquaintances a girl whom everybody loves, or a girl who has few relatives and is far from home, or a girl who is tired and drooping, or still another shut in by illness and compelled to sit still by the hour instead of going about as you do at her own sweet will? Any one of these girls would be made extremely happy if her classmates or her friends should send her a birthday shower. Suppose you begin to plan it two or three weeks in advance of the date. You will then choose the place where the shower is to be given. If at the girl's own home, her friends will meet there and take her by surprise, although they will be wise if they give a hint beforehand to her mother or older sister as to their intention.

Surprises may fall on a household at an inconvenient moment, and it is generally better to take the head of the family into confidence before proceeding with them. The girl herself may be kept very properly in ignorance of the compliment that is to be paid her. Brides often have showers of linen or china before their wedding days, but I see no reason why other people may not have showers, too. Yours to your friend who has a birthday may include plants, photographs, flowers in bloom, books, bon bons or anything else that you choose to bring, and the greater the variety the more pleasing the occasion will be.

A girl I knew had a birthday shower given her and years after it, looking over a box of souvenirs, she found among other little things that had been put away, a bit of cardboard with a Latin motto worked in steel beads and stitched carefully to a piece of white satin ribbon. The girl who had worked it for her was by that time on the other side of the globe and they had not seen or heard from one another in a long time, but the motto with its quaint message of unchanging love was precious to her who had put it away in her box of treasures, while she was yet in her teens.

You will not think that I am preaching, will you, if I hint that each birthday should mark a definite advance in wisdom and knowledge and find us better fitted to help one another than we were a year ago? Little things make up the sum of our lives. If we are fretful and cross, easily disturbed and quick to resent grievances, we shall be hard to get on with, troublesome to ourselves and disagreeable to our friends.

There are girls who are charming away from home, but very inconsiderate and irritable with those they love best. Every birthday should enable us to be more self-controlled and more gentle and lovable than we used to be. In a household I know there are three sisters; Louise is unselfish and lovely; Betty is preoccupied with her own affairs and sees everything from her own point of view; Maria is partially an invalid and is what her mother calls "fractious." The last ex-

FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY

THE SCHOOLGIRL SHOULD KEEP A BIRTHDAY BOOK.

Remember Your Friends by Letter on Their Birthdays—A Birthday Shower Will Bring Pleasure to a Lonely Schoolmate—Small Acts of Kindness Bring Much Happiness—Brothers, Mothers and Fathers Also Like Attention on Their Birthdays.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Speaking of birthdays, do you remember how proud you were on the day when you slipped out of 12 into 13? That was a real mile-stone on the road, and you felt a good deal taller and much more important when you were fairly in the teens than you did in the first dozen years of your life. Then, when 10 came and three more of the wonderful white mile-stones had been passed, you were again in a different world. Girlhood has many phases and changes and is altogether a most interesting and fascinating period both to those who stand by and watch it, and to those who are in the midst of its pleasant time.

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WHAT IS REAL COURTESY?

A Kindly, Pleasant Attitude Reveals the Person of Good Breeding—About the Retort Courteous.

Where politeness is only put on for the occasion, it is very likely to prove an ill-fitting garment, dropping at unexpected times and leaving the bare skin of the boor to show.

To show real courtesy is to feel it; that which is only assumed is forgotten when occasion demands its exercise, and coarse self appears, because the heart is wrong.

Perhaps it may be true in a measure that one who always is polite may find that politeness mistaken for submissiveness that is out of place, should he or she come in contact with the really rude nature. But even then, if it be necessary to assert one's self in order to be respected, it must still be done with due regard to the observance of politeness. Otherwise, the same plane is touched whereon the low nature dwells and there is no apparent difference.

The man who finds he must use his fists to guard himself from the ready fists of the bully, does it quietly but effectively, and the woman who must defend herself with retort from the attacks of some other woman, who cannot possibly be called a lady, finds refuge in the very perfection of retaining her self-possession. She knows that should she attempt vituperation, she would find herself completely at the mercy of her opponent's trained tongue, versed in such matters, so she can only maintain her own self-respect and claim that of everyone else, by refraining from any but the polite—which may really be extremely cutting—retort.

Any service that is asked or rendered—any and every task we require from those paid to do what they are told to do, is all the better, all the more willingly and properly performed, if simple courtesy is extended in the requiring. It is not needed that anything more than gentle voice and pleasant countenance should be heard and shown, but these the really courteous person is always sure to use.

My Lady's Tresses.

Massaging the scalp while the hair is exposed to the sun and air is really the best treatment to prevent the hair from falling out. Hair should always be left perfectly loose at night, if possible. Take down and brush thoroughly with a coarse brush, run the fingers through and shake it well, that the air may get into the scalp. If it must be braided, make the braid very loose. Keeping it constantly done up will cause the scalp to itch and hair to smell sour. It is not necessary to shampoo oftener during the summer, as it may be kept just as clean and sweet by brushing and occasionally cleaning with orris root. The following tonic will be found very beneficial: Bay rum, one ounce; ammonia, one dram; cantharidine, one ounce; alcohol, two ounces; water enough to fill an eight ounce bottle. Never use a tonic without first massaging the scalp, that the pores may be opened to absorb the stimulating qualities of the tonic.

A Good Skin Food.

Lanoline, nine ounces; cocoa butter, one-half ounce; white wax, five ounces; spermaceti, one-half ounce; almond oil, six ounces; water, nine ounces; borax, 50 grains; perfume with three drops of oil of neroli. Heat lanoline, cocoa butter, white wax, spermaceti and almond oil not hotter than you can touch a finger to. Dissolve borax in water, stir in oils, take from stove, and beat with egg beater until cool. Put in jars and keep in cool place.

Announcing an Engagement.

The proper way is to write personal notes to those who are supposed to be interested in the event—intimate friends and relatives, not mere visiting acquaintances.

THE RAILROAD

The Life of the Railroad Man—The Preparation Necessary for Success in This Important and Permanent Calling—The Opportunities It Offers the Boy or Young Man Who Determines to Succeed—Many Pertinent Facts and Opinions.

By NATH'L C. FOWLER, JR.

Author of "The Boy—How to Help Him Succeed," "Building Business," "Dollars and Sense," "Fowler's Encyclopedia of Publicity and Printing," "Gumption," Etc.

(Copyright, 1909, by Nath'l C. Fowler, Jr.)

The railroad business is divided into two widely separated branches, the operating and business departments. The operating department is responsible for the running of the trains and for all that pertains to the mechanical action of the road. The business department does the financing, fixes the rates, is in charge of the clerical forces, and attends to the business part of railroading; and, further, exercises a general supervision over the operating department.

A railroad is a corporation, operated under the direction of a board of directors, which is elected annually by the stockholders. This board of directors is in control of every department, and delegates its power to its active and appointed officials.

For the sake of convenience and expediency, the board of directors elect, as its representatives, what are known as railroad officials: a president, one or more vice presidents, a treasurer with his assistants, a general superintendent with any number of assistant superintendents, a chief engineer, a master mechanic with his assistants, a general freight agent and assistants, a general passenger agent with one or more assistants, in some cases a general manager and a traffic manager, and the department heads with their assistants. All of these officials may or may not be directly elected by the board of directors, as it is usual for the chiefs to appoint some of their assistants.

Duties of Officials

The president is not always the working head of the railroad. He may not be a practical railroad man, and may hold his office on account of his business capacity, which enables him to finance any commercial enterprise. But most railroad presidents are practical men, understanding railroading in general, and often its management even to the smallest detail.

The vice president, if active, usually has some distinct duties, and is in charge of certain important matters. The treasurer is the custodian of the railroad's money. The secretary may or may not occupy a position of responsibility. It is his official duty to keep the records of the meetings and to perform such other functions as may be designated by the board of directors.

The general superintendent is the executive officer of the operating side of the road, and is responsible for everything outside of the clerical and financial departments, except that he does not, as a rule, interfere with the duties of the general freight, passenger and ticket agents. He is almost invariably a mechanical expert, and always a disciplinarian, who understands the handling of large bodies of men.

The chief engineer occupies a position equal to that of the general superintendent, and in some cases he outranks him in salary and in importance. He has charge of the civil engineering and of other matters. A railroad must be surveyed and constructed, with its bridges, tunnels and track work, before the trains can be run; and the chief engineer is responsible for this work, and for the constant rebuilding and enlargement of the road.

Responsibility Divided

Large railroads are divided into divisions, each of which are under the direction of a district or division superintendent, who, in turn, is responsible to the general superintendent.

The general freight agent has charge of the freight department, a position of much responsibility. The offices of general passenger and ticket agent are usually combined under one man, as the duties of each are frequently too similar to warrant separation. This official has charge of the railroad's passenger business, including the ticket offices.

The master mechanic is at the head of the mechanical work of the road, and is responsible for the condition of the locomotives and cars. Comparatively few roads have traffic managers. These officials are in control of the of the traffic, and outrank the freight, ticket and passenger agents.

With the exception of a few railroad presidents, who are chosen solely for their financial ability, substantially all railroad men began at the bottom or close to the bottom, and worked up. This is as it should be, in other lines of business as well as in railroading; but railroading, perhaps more than any other calling, requires a specific knowledge and experience obtained on the premises. It is a special business, and the ordinary business man, successful along general lines, cannot immediately adapt himself to railroad conditions.

Railroad locomotive engineers are paid as high as \$2,000 a year, and from that the salaries grade down to \$700 and \$800 for drivers of freight and switch engines. Passenger conductors receive from \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year, and brakemen from \$700 to \$800. Freight conductors are paid about \$650 a year. Conductors, as a

rule, begin as brakemen, this experience being extremely valuable to them. The engineer usually develops from the firemen, and most firemen start in as wipers or as round-house helpers.

Superintendents have almost invariably occupied some subordinate position, often the lowest. There are many of commanding position, and of enormous capacity, who began as firemen, as workers in the round-house, or as mechanics in the repair shop.

The railroad man is a man of action, and a man of quick action, a man able to do in a minute, in safety, what men in other lines of work may require hours for execution. It has been said that the railroad man never sleeps, that if he does sleep, he has the sleeping mind of a dog, the kind which a whistler will awake. The lazy boy, even though he may be a mechanical genius, would better keep away from railroading.

The Clerical Side

To sum up, let me say that the clerical side of the railroad business offers good opportunity, but probably not so much as does the clerical side of the mercantile business. The operating department usually presents good opportunities to the boys of mechanical capacity, who are able to master their ability, and to practically utilize it, and who, moreover, are natural workers and willing to work hard, to begin at the bottom, with a full realization that promotion depends upon ability and upon the safe yet quick action of ability. The slow boy has no business in the railroad business; nor has the quick boy, if his rapidity is not under the control of dependable discretion.

The principal railroad officials are well paid, their salaries ranging from a few thousand dollars to as much as a hundred thousand dollars a year. This higher figure, however, has never been paid to more than a few railroad presidents. Comparatively few presidents of railroads receive less than \$5,000 a year, and \$10,000 is by no means an unusual figure; in fact, there are quite a number drawing salaries in excess of \$25,000 a year.

The average salary enjoyed by the railroad official, whose position is not relatively lower than that of the general manager and ticket agent, is not far from \$5,000 a year, and it is doubtful if any competent head of a responsible department ever receives less than \$1,500. Railroad clerks and other employees receive salaries similar to those paid by the regular mercantile houses. They have, up to a certain point, the same opportunity for advancement as is enjoyed by those occupying similar positions in general business. But it must be borne in mind that the clerical railroad employee has little chance of becoming a factor in the controlling ownership. He has little opportunity to rise beyond a head clerkship or to the head of an under-department.

The heads and sub-heads of the operating department are men of unusual ability. They are specialists, possessors of mechanical skillfulness, and if in charge of many workers are natural controllers of men. They know how to work themselves and how to direct the labors of others. They are, also, equipped with minds capable of instantaneous action.

The operating department is divided and subdivided into many heads, all under the direction of the general superintendent. There are division superintendents, mechanical engineers, and a large number of foremen and assistants, each man below the general superintendent being responsible for one thing or series of similar things in which line or lines he must be an expert.

Every operating railroad man is a specialist, and differs from the rank and file of ordinary business men. His success depends upon his ability and training along certain lines. Without this special ability and hard training he never will make a success of the railroad business.

Requisite Education

The boy who intends to enter the clerical side of railroading needs the same preparation as he does to take up any regular business, although some mechanical knowledge, even in the clerical department, will not come amiss. But the boy who intends to go into one of the operating departments, and this is the side which offers the greatest opportunity, needs to be equipped with a liberal and broad technical education. From the common or high school he should pass into some institute of technology, and graduate. The classical college is hardly to be advised, because the first-class institute of technology, or other high technical school, gives all the general education essential to successful railroading.

There are few callings which need more training and discipline than this. Promotion in the operating department is impossible without experience, and a strong, rugged, broad, general technical education exhibits experience and widens its capacity.

A well-educated boy stands a many times better chance of advancement than does the boy who enters the operating department from the common school, without any definite knowledge of mechanics. The successful railroad official is an educated man. If his early or scholastic education has been insufficient, he must acquire the training later in life, and his progress is therefore naturally retarded. It takes less time, and costs less, to receive education when one is in the receptive educational state than to properly acquire it after one has started his career.

I would not advise any boy to enter the operating side of railroading who is not naturally of a mechanical turn of mind and who is unable to obtain a thorough mechanical education. If he has no mechanical ability, he will not rise much above the lower level. True, there are many railroad engineers, and others, who are successful, and who have enjoyed little school education. It is also true that one may learn to run an engine, or to do other mechanical work, without a technical school training; but this school training is far more effective, and far more economical, than is the training of experience, although it does not take the place of actual experience.

But the boy, with only a school training, has little in the way of asset. He is simply in a position to advance more rapidly than would be possible without this school experience. A general, broad mechanical education is valuable even though only a part of it may be actually utilized in real life, for the very broadness of this training allows its possessor to be more successful in a specialty than he would be if he had given his scholastic life exclusively to the practice of that specialty.

The boy who is considering the railroad business is advised to place himself in direct personal communication with railroad men. I would advise him to talk with men representing various departments of railroading. All of us are more or less biased, and occasionally we unintentionally give false advice. For this reason, a consultation with several railroad men, each representing a different department, will enable the boy to obtain in advance a better idea of what the railroad really offers—its real advantages and disadvantages. Railroad men, as a rule, are cordial, and are willing to give advice and information.

Roswell Miller's Views

Mr. Roswell Miller, chairman of the board of directors, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, in a letter to the author, says:

"The principal advantages of the railway business consist in the fact that there are not enough men in it who are capable of filling the best positions. There is always room for those who have ability enough to fill a high position. And aside from merely clerical positions, there is something more than ordinarily interesting in the work which makes it absorbing, and success is therefore more likely.

"The principal disadvantages are the absorption of the individual. If he is successful, he cannot do much else day or night—week days or Sundays. So that in most cases the man who devotes himself to the railway business, and serves his company honestly, cannot at the same time acquire a large fortune, which he could do with the same amount of labor in other directions. Besides this, railroading, like many other pursuits, has many 'machine' places, which are filled by men who come to be merely machines."

All Depends on Boy

Mr. W. J. Wilgus, vice president of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, in a letter to the author, says:

"To the young man of sound principles and good constitution, imbued with the intention to succeed, the railroad offers a career that contains all of the rewards for which men can strive. There is probably no field so attractive as that of the railroad for the display of the strenuous qualities that, in less peaceful times, won success in the profession of arms. Financial returns and the honors of position are at the command of the young man of ability who is not afraid of hard work, and whose constant aim is the securing of the pleasure that comes from the accomplishment of work well done.

"The disadvantages in the field of railroading are long hours, and the frequent subordination of social pleasures to the demands of duty."

Mr. J. W. Burdick, passenger traffic manager of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad company, in a letter to the author, says:

"My advice in the premises would depend upon my estimate of the boy's ability and promise. If he is made of the right stuff, it is immaterial whether he enters the clerical or the operating department of a railroad. In either case, if his activities are sufficiently exercised in learning his business he will either follow along the line of promotion or be extinguished, according to the estimate placed upon those activities by the management. I believe that the elements and probabilities of success are inherent in the boy himself, and that the ultimate outcome is not materially influenced by the kind of work he takes up in the beginning. If he is fitted by birth and education properly to perform the duties which come to his hand."

Skeet Wood--Retired.

BY GEORGE BINGHAM.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) The freight train rattled and swayed as it ripped along at its best speed down the steel rails stretching out through the lowlands and the knobs.

A wandering printer lay stretched out on some old newspapers spread over the floor of a box car, and he had just awakened from the sound sleep of a man who had nothing on earth to bother him.

Seeing the bright flashes of sun through the cracks around the side door Skeet arose, "stretched" himself and climbed through the small end window to the top of the car.

A brakeman with a broad, red, Irish face came slowly down the train.

"Well, general," he spoke above the rattle and clang as he approached the tramp, "how'd you rest last night? Any bugs in that coach?"

"No, I never heard any stirring around through the night. I've seen 'em turn around and go back, when they saw me. Why, have you had any complaints from other passengers?"

"Yes," the brake replied, "Shorty—you know old Red Shorty, with the crooked eye—yes he rolled out of there the other night and trotted back and said if I didn't give him another place he'd get off, and make me give him his two bits back. He'd adone it too!"

"What'd you do with him?"

"Oh, I moved him over into a mule car, and never heard any more of him."

"Say, brakeman, where are we anyhow?"

"That last whistle back yonder was Peachtree Switch."

"In Kentucky, hey?"

"Yes, hit Kentuck back yonder before daylight."

"Where's the next water tank?"

"Red Oak Ridge."

"I'll blow off there. Red said there was a print shop there, and I'll drop off and clean up."

When the train slackened up for Red Oak Skeet Wood dropped off and found himself standing in the village's only street.

The municipality of Red Oak Ridge consisted of a few, rambling, unpainted houses squatted about among the growth of scrubby red oak trees and bushes.

A boy came along the road driving a cow.

"Say, ain't your name Charlie?" Skeet Wood asked.

"Naw sir. My name ain't Charlie. It's Grover, that's what it is."

"Well, that's what I thought. You even look like your name was Grover. Say, Grover, where's the printing office? The place where they print the weekly newspaper?"

"Ain't any."

"Why?"

"Cause they moved it off. That's why."

"Moved the whole print shop away?"

"Yes, sir. That wasn't such a big job."

"Well, Grover, where did they move the office to?"

"Where did they move it to? They moved it to Pursley."

"Where is Pursley, Grover?"

"Haw, don't you know where Pursley is? Pursley is 14 miles from here. That way."

"Where is the courthouse that was here once upon a time?"

"It's moved to Pursley, too."

"Has it? How long ago?"

"W'y, it moved to Pursley the next day after the newspaper moved to Pursley."

"How long has that been?"

"W'nt?"

"How many years has it been?"

"Oh, it has been about 11 years ago. It was moved three years after I was born."

"Is that so, Grover?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say, Grover, is there a post office here?"

"Yes, sir, there is a post office here."

"Why didn't they move it to Pursley too?"

"Because they already had one there and they didn't want two there."

"How about the blacksmith shop here? Have you got a pretty good one?"

"Naw, sir. We did have one, but they moved it to Pursley."

"They did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Looks like a road used to run right across this field here. Where is it now?"

"Yes, sir, there was a road running right across there, but when they moved the other things over to Pursley, they turned the road around and had it so it would run into Pursley too."

"You had started somewhere with that cow, hadn't you, Grover?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going to take her down to the creek bottom to get her a drink of water. Pap's goin' to take her to Pursley to-morrow."

"He is?"

"Yes, sir. Where are you goin'?"

"I think I'll go to Pursley, too. So good-by, Grover."

A few miles over the road stood a deserted cabin. Tall weeds grew around it. The "stack" chimney at one end leaned away from the wall, seemingly ready to fall at the slightest jar.

Climbing to the top rail of the fence Skeet Wood sat and rested.

He was a man of not much over 30 years of age, with fair intelligence and much general information gathered in his continuous ramble.

"How can anybody, anybody—live away off here in the middle of nothing—away off here where there's not a d-d thing to see but the trees and hills, and nothing to hear but the

crickets and jay birds, unless it is the voice of nature. But I guess the people who use to live here have got just as much or more of that vapory thing we call enjoyment out of living as anyone in a city, where there's always something going—"

"Well!" the rough voice of a woman called suddenly through the front door, which had been slowly opened.

Skeet Wood suddenly grasped the rail upon which he sat, and raised to a jumping posture.

"Don't be skeered now, you buzzard-looking tramp."

"I'm not skeered, but I hate to meet people so suddenly," Skeet replied.

"What do you h'ist yo'self on a person's front fence for, if you don't want to meet them sudden?"

"Well, you see, I didn't think anybody lived here."

"Well, you see you air mistaken. We jest moved in here day before yesterday, but we live here jest the same as if we'd moved here year before last. Been to dinner?"

"No. Nor breakfast neither, since you brought up the subject."

"All right," the husky looking woman said; "go back there and drive that shoe out of the sorghum patch and I'll get you something to eat. Go and help him, Pris. You know how ornuly them shotes of that red sow air. Go on. He ain't goin' to bite you."

Skeet beat down an army of weeds and joined Pris at the back door.

Pris was the first to speak.

"Say, jump these tater rows. Maw will holler if you step on one of them."

"All right, Miss Pris."

"How'n the devil did you know my name was Pris?"

"I heard your maw say it was."

"I ain't heard nobody say what your name be," said Miss Pris.

"My name might be Skeet."

"Skeet? Named after a skeeter, wasn't you? Look kinder like a skeeter anyhow. Well, now, yonder's the shote. You go around that way and I'll go around this here way, and we'll both come up behind him."

Skeet had not yelled "sewery there" more than half a dozen times before he had fallen in love with Miss Pris.

She was about 18 years of age, built on the style of a robust fence-jumping steer, and was as reckless in her everyday manner as a young lady could be without being dangerous.

The shote was at last driven to the rail fence, where it disappeared through a crack into the tall weeds.

At noon the woman's husband came from somewhere on a mule whose hair was long and his ears worked back and forth when he walked. Skeet was invited into the kitchen, where stood a table with four seats around it.

"Take that there vacant seat over on that side, What's name."

"We did have just exactly a table full in this family, but Bud had to go and get sent to the penitentiary, so you air lucky in getting a seat."

"Take that there vacant seat over on that side, What's name."

"We did have just exactly a table full in this family, but Bud had to go and get sent to the penitentiary, so you air lucky in getting a seat."

Pris looked at Skeet. "You don't know who Bud is, do you?"

"No, I don't remember of ever meeting Bud."

"Well, Bud he's my husband, or was before he got sent to the pen."

Five weeks faded into the past like a cigarette paper in the rain. Skeet was an occupant of the cabin. They had treated him well and he was as much at home there as he could have been anywhere. A bed had been prepared for him in the loft. It was even better than Skeet had been used to, and what if it was not? A man shouldn't notice a hard bed when he is in love.

In this family Skeet was guest and boarder. In consideration of his bed, board and booze, with washing thrown in, he was under obligation to scare a shote out of the sorghum patch four or five times a day and to hide the mule in the tall weeds every time any person was observed coming along the road, the mule having been stolen by the old man a few weeks before.

The old man was large, with a face of fierce bushy whiskers, and eyes like those of a rat—keen, bendy, black.

Shortly after Skeet had driven the hog out of the sorghum patch one day the old man led him down a ladder into the cellar and explained to him the working of a small whisky-making outfit.

"Skeet, this here business operates on a small scale and is quiet. Recollect that."

"I ain't going to tell nothing. No, no, I won't even think about it when I get in yelling distance of a stranger. Because I'm going to be a member of this family after next week."

"You and the gal has calculated to get hitched up, have you? Well, she made Buddy a mighty good woman."

Skeet and the girl drove over to Pursley and got married.

Another cabin was built just across the potato patch, and became the home of this couple. Skeet was annexed as a partner in the quiet business going on in the cellar, and an easy, lazy living was made—the sort of existence Skeet liked.

Seven years have melted away like the glittering frost of early morning. The old man has been sent to the pen for stealing another mule, the old lady has remarried and moved to Pursley. Skeet has full charge of the still in the cellar and by industry and sobriety has grown to be one of the most prominent moonshiners in that part of Kentucky.

With the Window Open.

"I've got to practice on the piano five hours a day," said the disconsolate small girl.

"What for?"

"Cause mother and father don't like our new neighbors." — Washington Star.

TELLING TOM

It was all very beautiful to the pretty girl in pale blue linen and the young man in the natty summer suit. After a week's weary work in their downtown offices that Saturday evening out at the big, glittering amusement park was a restful treat with its surging crowds, its garlands of sparkling lights, the music, the whirl of passing throngs and the mingling of light laughter and gay words.

"Can't you make up your mind and answer me to-night, Lou?" he urged. "Haven't I waited long enough? Is it yes or no?"

There was coquetry in the side glance she gave him. "Don't be so serious," she laughed. "We came out here to enjoy ourselves!"

There was pain in the look he gave her. "It is serious to me," he said, huskily, "if not to you!"

A little stab of self-reproach sobered the girl in pale blue, but as she opened her lips the young man left her side. She saw him in a group of eager purchasers of tickets for the airship toward which they had been headed and sighed a little as she watched his broad shoulders. She almost resolved to stop teasing him and give him an answer. What should it be? She was not willing to admit to herself that she was quite sure.

She came to herself with a start as he called her name from over the heads of the lesser men.

"Go on, Lou!" she said. "We take the next one down."

There was a push and a shifting of humanity and she felt his hand steadying her elbow. Her cheeks were flushed pink, for she was trying to make up her mind.

When the girl in pale blue found a seat in the last row of chairs she was a little breathless. After all the rush she and the young man in the natty suit were alone in that row for the third seat was unoccupied. The car began to rise gently and she leaned toward him, moving across to the empty chair between them.

"It scares me!" she said a little apologetically and slipped her hand into his.

In the dim light she felt the young man regarded her intently. "Does it?" he asked.

"Aren't the lights beautiful?" she asked softly as they continued to rise above the babel below into the starlit night. "Somehow, I like it better—up her with you—than in such a crowd as that!"

"Do you?" murmured the young man.

The pretty girl bit her lip. It was going to be hard to win him back to good humor and a belief in her seriousness after all.

"Don't be cross!" she begged, poutingly.

His hand had not closed over hers, although it was timidly in reach of his close shut fingers. He was staring straight ahead at the panorama of reflected lights and only glanced at her now and then.

"Tom!" she said suddenly, the darkness hiding the rose in her cheeks. "I—I've been thinking about what you said and you are right. I ought to say one thing or the other. I should either take you—or send you away!"

"I shouldn't like to be cast off at the present instant!" commented the young man glancing down the long stretch to firm earth.

Tears sprang to the girl's eyes. "I don't think it's nice of you to joke!" she said, a little fiercely. "You were cross enough when I wasn't as serious as a judge! You—why, you don't even act as though you were interested."

"Well," asserted the young man, "I never was more interested in my life."

"You—you act so queerly," said the girl, a trifle mollified. "But it is so hard—a few minutes ago I was sure I—I cared for you and now—well, I don't know. It will take something decisive to make me feel sure—"

The airship had reached the top and gave a preliminary, hair-raising jerk and fell a few inches before it began its waving motion around the top of the tower. It was truly an alarming instant.

With a little shriek the girl in pale blue clutched the young man and buried her face against his shoulder.

"O—oh!" she moaned in terror.

The young man patted her hand in a soothing way and murmured incoherently. When the car began to descend she did not move. Nobody could see them and somehow it was surprisingly restful.

"You are so good," she murmured once, "I've been a goose, I—I'm sorry for tormenting you so long. You might have known my answer, Tom—it's yes!"

The car fluttered suddenly to earth and there was a rush out of it. With downcast eyes the girl in pale blue followed the rest, the young man back of her. Just outside the car she ran straight into another worried and anxious young man who dragged her to one side.

"Tom! Why—why, Tom," she almost shrieked in horrified crescendo and then whirled around, but the young man behind her had vanished. He was lost in the throng. She felt giddy.

"Why, Lou," Tom said, "you look ill. The gatekeeper called me back about our tickets and I was too late to get in! Were you afraid? You need some one to take care of you!"

"I think I do, Tom," stammered the girl in pale blue, hysterically. "I—I think if you want the task you'd better take it from now on!" —Chicago Daily News

